

The Sketch



No. 537.—Vol. XLII.

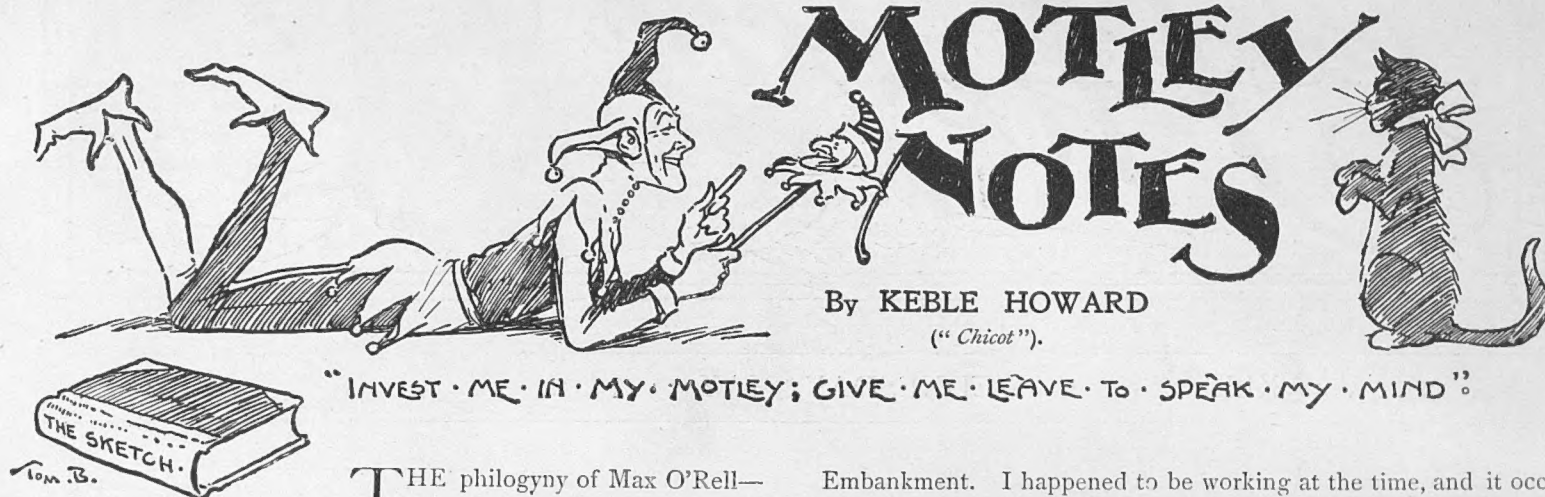
WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 1903.

SIXPENCE.



MISS EDNA MAY IN THE TITLE-RÔLE OF "THE SCHOOL GIRL,"
THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY PRODUCED ON SATURDAY EVENING LAST AT THE PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.

Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch." (See "Motley Notes.")



THE philogyny of Max O'Rell—I use the term, of course, in a purely literary sense—knows no bounds. Not content with having given to the world such works as “Woman and Artist” and “Her Royal Highness Woman,” he now sends forth a volume entitled “Rambles in Womanland.” Our author has an intimate way with him when writing on his favourite topic; one sometimes doubts, however, whether he understands the sex any better than the average male thing. One chapter, for example, is on “The Ideal Husband,” and here Max O'Rell records the opinions of several Parisiennes whom he interviewed upon the subject. There is nothing very original in the chapter: one thought that the ideal husband should devote his life to his wife; another—a married lady—urged that the ideal husband was the man who gave his wife complete liberty of action; a third insisted that the ideal husband must not be a man of genius; a fourth wanted a husband who would never take advantage of any little trouble in which she might find herself; and a fifth declared that a man should always wear his best clothes when at home with his wife. All these opinions the author gravely and solemnly records, but he omits to point out that, as shown by their replies, every woman of them took it for granted that the main qualification for the ideal husband was an entire absence of brains.

Once again some spiteful and undignified old maid has come forward with the suggestion that bachelors should be taxed. Setting aside the utter shamelessness of such a proposal, one is amazed to find that there still exists amongst some members of the female sex such utter ignorance of and lack of sympathy with the mere man. Are you unaware, my bemitted Agatha, that no man ever remains single of his own free-will? Are you unaware, my thin-lipped Priscilla, that, of all the forlorn creatures in this selfish old world of ours, the most to be pitied, the most in need of comfort, is the bachelor? Granted that he has his dog; have you not your cat? Granted that he has his whisky; have you not your tea? Granted that he has his pipe; have you not your knitting? So far, you must admit, the compensations for a life of loneliness are about equal for a man and a woman. Now, if you please, throw into the balance the acknowledged fact that a man is quite unable to take care of himself, and then how are you going to justify your plea for the taxation of the miserable bachelor? Rather should some old maids be taxed, in that they have been too narrow and selfish to develop those qualities of sweetness and amiability that would have made them irresistible in the eyes of the timid, yearning male. As for married women, they are all overflowing with sympathy for the poor bachelor—unless they happen to possess nubile daughters.

In the present number of *The Sketch*, Mr. Edward King brings to a conclusion his admirable series of “London Street Studies.” Many subscribers will be interested to know that Mr. Edward King is a brother of Mr. Gunning King, whose name and work, perhaps, are even better known to my readers. For some time past, Mr. Gunning King has been hard at work on a new series of drawings for *The Sketch*, and it is with very great pleasure that I am able to announce that the first of this series will appear in our next number. The artist, who is generally admitted to be one of the finest delineators of peasant life that we have in this country, has taken for his general title “Life in Our Village.” It only remains to add that several eminent art-critics to whom the Editor has shown the drawings have emphatically declared that, in these drawings, Mr. Gunning King has beaten all his own records.

The terrific thunder-storm that broke over London on Saturday afternoon last found me alone and unprotected in my little nest on the

Embankment. I happened to be working at the time, and it occurred to me, as a horrible possibility, that the steel keys of the type-writing machine might attract the lightning in my direction. Hastily covering the instrument with a table-cloth, therefore, I went to the window and watched the progress of the storm. Save for a few drenched cabs on the rank, the street was utterly deserted, and I felt ashamed to recollect that I had sometimes given a cabman his exact fare for driving me to Waterloo. There they sat, huddled, cold, wretched, yet all the time hoping against hope that someone would blow twice on a shrill whistle and give them the chance of earning eighteenpence. Beyond the cabs lay the river, hissing and shivering beneath the lash of the storm. On the few meagre little trees in the Embankment Gardens hardly a leaf was visible; the entire scene, in fact, suggested the abomination of the desolation of Winter. And yet my calendar, simpering stupidly from its place on the wall, insisted on the fact that this was the Ninth of May. I turned the thing round, drew the curtains close, and settled down sullenly to elaborate my idyll of June.

Ever a staunch Philhellenist, I was greatly interested to be present at the Hellenic Banquet held at the Criterion Restaurant on May 6. We had a Grecian grace, Grecian dishes, and Grecian sentiments. Everybody talked Greece, and those who knew the language sufficiently well talked Greek. For my part, I maintained a discreet silence, but I distinctly heard an Englishman opposite to me asking the lady on his right—a Grecian—whether she had heard the story told by Xenophon of the man with the opportune sneeze. “No,” she replied in perfect English, “but I shall be delighted to hear it if you think it is quite proper.” “Oh, quite!” he reassured her, and then proceeded to give a garbled version of the yarn that would have disgraced any second-form boy. At the conclusion of the recital, the lady smiled sweetly. “I didn’t catch your name when we were introduced,” she said, “but I feel sure that you must be Mr. Walkley.” Then we had the Grecian National Anthem, beautifully rendered by the Grecian Orchestra. But the happiest touch of the evening came at the end of a very lengthy speech by Sir Charles Dilke, when the same musicians, acting on the instructions of some wicked wag, solemnly played “We won’t go home till morning.” Altogether, a great night and one long to be remembered.

Mr. George Edwardes must be growing tired of successes. His latest achievement, “The School Girl,” produced at the Prince of Wales’ Theatre on Saturday evening last, will certainly run the usual two years, and possibly longer. Everything, as is customary in a George Edwardes production, makes for success. The story, by Henry Hamilton and Paul Potter, is much above the average; Mr. Charles Taylor has written some very clever lyrics; and Mr. Leslie Stuart, whose music is always tuneful, has accomplished more than one number that will be played and whistled and sung all over the world. The cleverest piece of acting, without a doubt, came from Miss Edna May, who has improved to a marvellous extent since we first saw her in “The Belle of New York.” Mr. G. P. Huntley has still to work up his part, but that is a task that need possess no terrors for so accomplished a comedian. A new-comer to musical comedy is Mr. James Blakeley, whose jovial personality and keen sense of humour will soon make him one of playgoing London’s favourites. The acting was good throughout, a very taking study of a French Bonne being supplied by Miss Marianne Caldwell. The opening scene by Hawes Craven, “The Convent Lawn,” is a charming picture, and an exceedingly ingenious idea—probably suggested by the methods adopted at the London Hippodrome—is the conversion of a bare studio into a palatial ball-room in full view of the audience.



OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL FIRE EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



The King in Edinburgh—His Bodyguard of Archers—The English Bodyguard—Some Prizes of the Royal Company.

THE KING'S stay in Edinburgh and the holding of a Court there have raised various questions of Court ceremony and etiquette, amongst them being the inquiry whether the tartan kilt of a clan is Court-dress. I am glad, for the sake of picturesqueness, that the claims of Scottish chiefs to appear in the full-dress of their country have been admitted, and that the Highland dress, sporran, kilt, plaid, dirk, and all, is to be accepted as a military uniform. It is curious that the question has not been raised before, but probably all the Highlanders of position who come to London and attend His Majesty's Court there are entitled to wear some uniform, civil or military, are grandees of their county or Colonels of Militia, and so do not have to put on the rather skimpy coat, knee-breeches, and silk stockings which the civilian Southron dons when he appears before his King.

Not that the ordinary Southron often has to put on the civilian Court-dress, for it is only by going to a Levée or to a gala-night at the Opera that one learns the fact that most of the friends whom one had never suspected of military and bloodthirsty tendencies are entitled to wear a sword and something quite startling in the way of uniform. Blameless gentlemen with bald heads and white mutton-chop whiskers, who have always been associated in one's mind with finance and directorships, look like Major-Generals in their garb of Lieutenants of the City; cricketers whom one thinks of as living perpetually in flannels appear as Peninsular Hussars in their Yeomanry full-kit; and half the men who are not Deputy-Lieutenants of their county have the right to wear some Volunteer uniform. The last time that I attended a Levée, I looked back from the top of the stairs upon the throng that crowded them, and for every man in plain black in that gorgeous press there were two dozen in scarlet, or blue, or green, or black-and-gold.

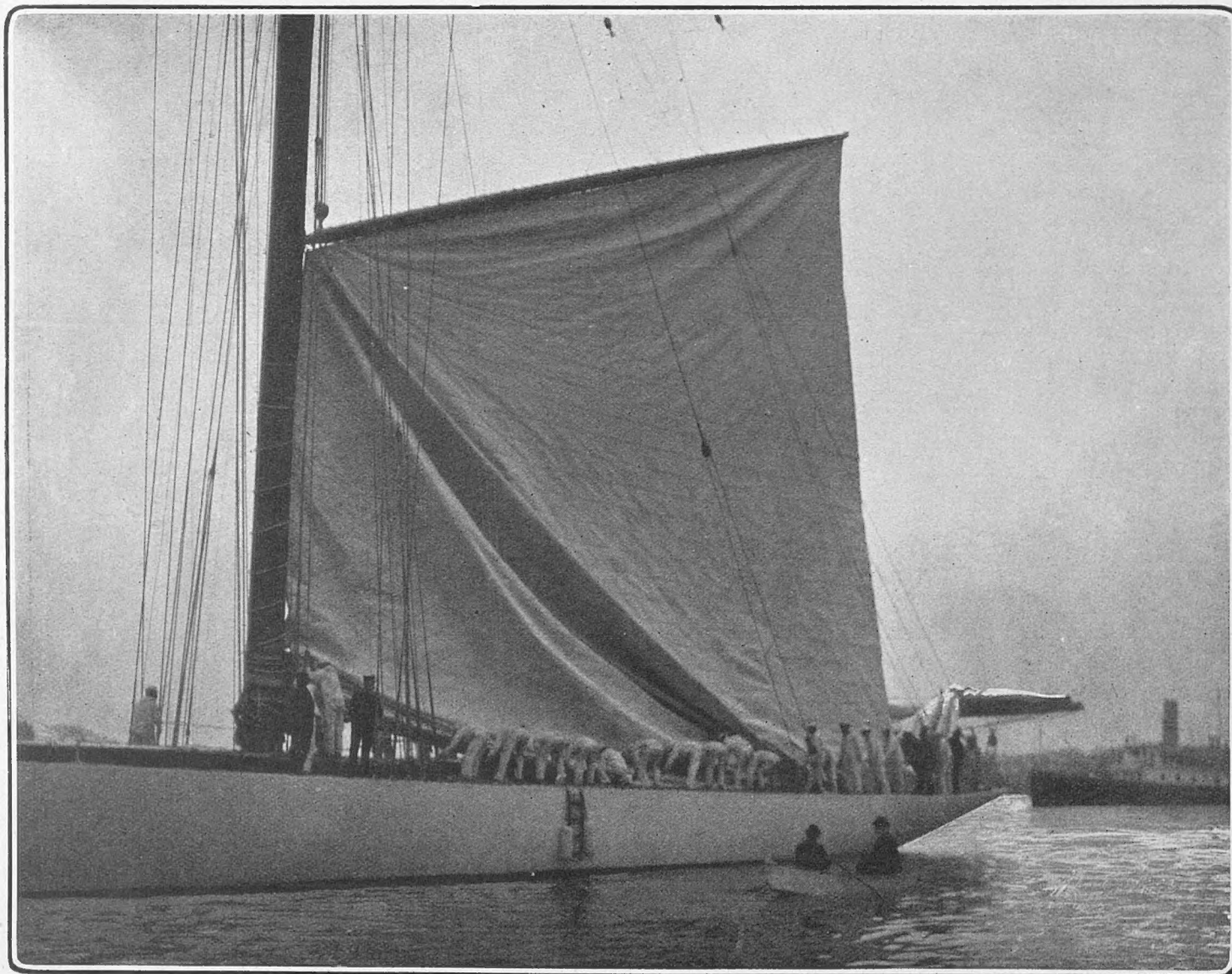
Probably the most gorgeous Court in the world is the Viceroy of India's, for in the great White Ball-room at Simla on a Levée-day

there may be seen a blaze of colour unequalled anywhere else. In the Summer Capital of India there are very few men with the qualification to attend the Court ceremonies who are not officials, and the natives who come to the Himalayan heights are all Princes of high degree, so that amidst the uniforms of the British and native regiments and of Diplomacy is a sprinkling of Oriental dresses of all the most daring colours, and the shine of magnificent jewels such as are nowhere else worn by mere men.

Scotland, however, is very well off in the matter of official uniforms, for the Royal Company of Archers, the King's Bodyguard in Scotland, is a numerous body to which many noblemen and gentlemen belong, and the undress uniform of dark green is familiar at all fancy balls and other important functions of the Scottish Capital. The full-dress uniform is rarely seen, for it is not used when the Archers form a guard to the Sovereign, and, so far as I know, is only worn should any of the Archers, not being on guard, attend a Court function.

The English Bodyguard of Gentlemen-at-Arms, which is the "nearest guard" to His Majesty, is limited in numbers, and composed of officers who have seen active service, who are of a certain height, and under fifty years of age at the date of appointment. His Majesty personally selects the officers who form his English guard, and the appointment is looked upon as a great prize. The Gentlemen-at-Arms receive pay, and they are called upon for duty on the occasion of all Court ceremonies in London or at Windsor, but they are never taken away from England. Their Mess is a very good one and they constantly have the honour of entertaining Royalties. The Captaincy of the Gentlemen-at-Arms is a political appointment and carries £1200 a-year.

The Captain-General of the Royal Company of Archers of Scotland usually holds the appointment for life, the present Duke of Buccleuch having succeeded his father in the position. The Royal Company have many prizes; they shoot for silver arrows, and a silver horn, and silver punch-bowls, and a silver sword, all being held by the winners for a year. The most curious of these prizes is the "goose medal." In days long gone, a live goose used to be placed in a turf butt, above the wall of which only its head was visible. Whoever first put an arrow through the bird's head won the prize. For the last century and a-half a glass ball has taken the place of the goose's head. The corps has its hall, with some fine pictures in it, and "uniform" dinners and the less formal match-dinners, and, far from receiving any pay, each candidate, when admitted by the Council of Seven to the honour of becoming a member of the corps, has to pay a substantial entrance-fee.



THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT-RACE: HOISTING THE MAIN-SAIL OF "RELIANCE."

Photograph by James Burton, New York.

"THE EXILE," AT THE ROYALTY.

THE number of plays concerning Napoleon is immense, but, unfortunately, the proportion of successes has not been great.

Few of the works deal with him after the banishment to St. Helena, for reasons that Messrs. Lloyd Osbourne and Austin Strong have not proved to be invalid. Any adequate picture of Bonaparte in his second exile would be almost too painful for the stage, whichever of the many conflicting views of his conduct were accepted. The authors of the new work have written a rather agreeable little piece which contains no direct indication of the fact that their hero was really remarkable, and, consequently, it is not adequate. It has not by any means the fault common in Napoleonic plays of being melodramatic, and there are scenes barely connected with the fallen star which are pleasant and entertaining. The play appears written from the anti-Lowe point of view, and, when everything has been arranged for the escape, Napoleon declines to go because his return to France would cause awful bloodshed; the authors, however, allow the fact to peep out that this determination was prompted, though he may not have known this, by the state of his health. Perhaps the chief episode is the review of children by him, and it may well be that there is a foundation of fact for this and other incidents in the piece, though the point is not of importance; nor is there any need to discuss the actual accuracy of some of the details.

It is possible that, if "The Exile" had been treated as a non-historical work, and the man concerning whom we all have vivid if conflicting ideas had not been introduced, the play would have made a greater impression. We were always waiting for some display of power or greatness that never came, for some exhibition of the Napoleon who almost ruled the world. Such a terrific character—even if ludicrous at times in the eyes of his second wife and her suite—demands the heroic and not the almost domestic. The scenes between the Countess de St. Rufe and Colonel Addington were very agreeably written and charmingly acted by Miss May Harvey and Mr. Brandon Thomas, and the passages indicative of the almost childish ceremonials of the exile's Court are treated skilfully, yet produce, despite neat little touches of humour, an effect of melancholy. Indeed, melancholy throughout, even in the gayest moments, is the dominant note. The Napoleon of Mr. Martin Harvey has strongly this tone of melancholy; there are occasional flashes, but on the whole the figure is pathetic. The word "figure" naturally suggests appearance, and it cannot be said that the actor gives a striking picture: indeed, he suggests a miniature by a young lady, rather than a real image of the man whose mien and manners were almost painfully impressive even when illness had sapped his energy. It would be unfair to say that the work is tedious or clumsy, indeed, it is full of quiet interest. Much excellent, if not remarkable, acting was given. Miss Mary Rorke was dignified and impressive, Miss Thimm charming, Mr. Herbert Sleath man-like, Mr. Sherbrooke had a curious suggestion of strength, Mr. George Cooke showed some power, and Mr. Haviland was quite excellent.

Mr. Rudolf Zwintscher gave another pianoforte-recital at the St. James's Hall on a recent afternoon, in which he displayed a sense of versatility that was remarkable without being really attractive. In his playing of Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," he showed this quality in a marked degree; he played the first part remarkably well, but he finished up the work not at all in his best style. He shows most definite limitations. In Mr. William Byrd's "The Carman's Whistle" he was as good as good may be; in a Bach suite also he was excellent; unfortunately, his playing of Chopin did not please us at all. Mr. Zwintscher is, however, a very determined and genuine artist.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

FROM the menu point of view, it would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that between Paris and Edinburgh. During his stay in Scotland, the King is certain to enjoy all those typical Scottish dishes to which the late Queen was so devoted; indeed, is it not on record that she noted as being of importance the fact that at Dalkeith she had first tasted the far-famed "Finnan Haddies"? The menu of the lunch which was given by

the King to a group of his old French friends in Paris was simplicity itself, but yet evidently chosen with great care; it consisted of eggs, salmon, lamb, York ham, cold quail-pie, and salad. Immensely more elaborate was the menu of the dinner given to His Majesty at the Elysée; opening with "Crème Windsor," it included many of the most indigestible and of the most delicious triumphs of the French culinary art. Of the six wines served during the repast, the youngest was a famous champagne of 1889, while the oldest was thirty-three years old.

The King and the Racehorses.

For the races at which the King was present in Paris there were two horses entered called "Kruger" and "Boers." When it became known that the King was to be at the meeting, the owner of the two horses, M. Deschamps, promptly scratched them, in order not to commit what would have looked like a piece of impertinence. A somewhat parallel case occurred when the late King of Spain, Alfonso XII., was visiting Brussels. A gala night had been arranged at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, and the opera chosen was "La Favorita." At the rehearsal, which was held before some of the Court officials, all went well until the middle of the great duet, when Leonora sings in

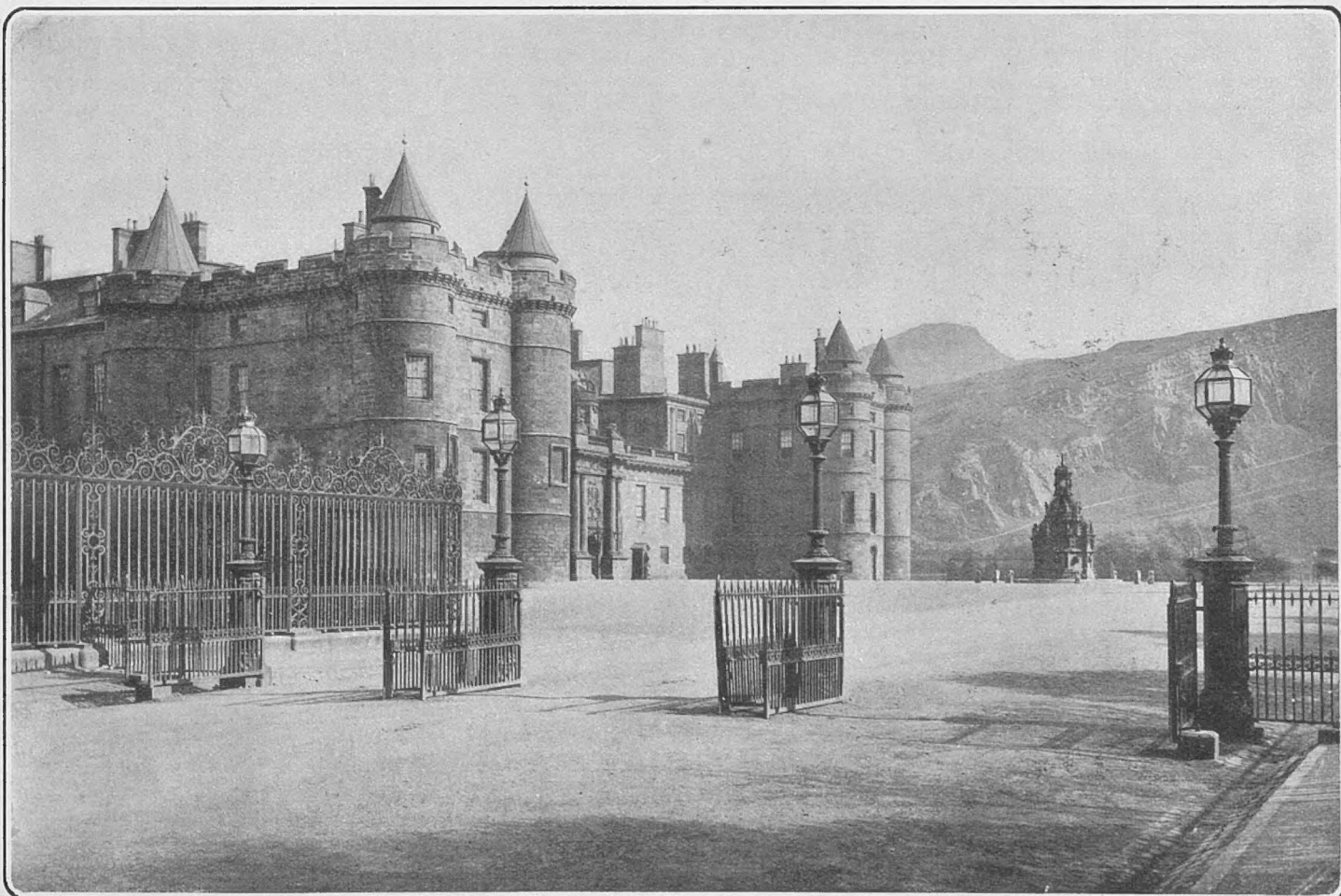
melodramatic tones, "Alphonso, you have deceived me!" When these words were sung, the audience, the orchestra, and even the singers burst into such a shout of laughter that the opera was at once countermanded, and "Faust" was put on in its stead.

The King's New Godson.

The baby grandson and heir-presumptive of Lord Cadogan had a very smart christening at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. His Majesty, the principal sponsor, was represented by Lord Howe, but the Prince of Wales was present, accompanied by his little daughter, Princess Mary, whose neat little fingers signed the register. The important baby, who has five little sisters, was named Edward-George John Humphrey. He will probably live to see himself one of London's wealthiest and most important ground-landlords, for Chelsea, the one-time quaint suburban village from whence the baby's father takes his name, is fast becoming a town of palaces, thanks to the energetic efforts made by Lord Cadogan and his able estate-agent. Lady Chelsea, who is one of the most charming and sympathetic of the younger leaders of Society, is a daughter of Lord Alington, and both as a girl and since her marriage has been the chosen companion of Her Majesty's daughters.

A Club for Fair Motorists.

An interesting addition to feminine Clubland, and one which will, at any rate, be able to pride itself on the exclusive smartness of its founders, is to be known as "The Ladies' Automobile Club." First among women's Clubs, it is actually to have its being in the heart of masculine Clubland—that is, at 110, Piccadilly. The Duchess of Marlborough is President, and Lady Cecil Scott Montagu, Lady Beatrice Rawson, and Mrs. Adair will be Vice-Presidents. It is rather curious that the horseless carriage counted women among its most ardent votaries from the very first, some of the most successful of lady drivers formerly famed for their love of sport and their skill as whips being enthusiastic motorists. Personally, I should have thought that a Motor Club would be more useful situated at some distance from London, and not in the very heart of the town; but doubtless the Ladies' Automobile Club will soon acquire country quarters.



VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN TO EDINBURGH: HOLYROOD PALACE.

Photograph by Mitchell.

Lady Ridgeway. Of the many beautiful Englishwomen who hold the pleasant position of Vice-Queens in Greater Britain, there is none more popular at home and more esteemed abroad than Lady Ridgeway, the pretty wife of the Governor of Ceylon.



LADY WEST RIDGEWAY, WIFE OF THE GOVERNOR OF CEYLON.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

At the time of Sir West Ridgeway's marriage to Miss Lena Bewicke, he held the interesting office of Under-Secretary to the Government of India, and during the years that immediately followed he and his young wife were constantly engaged on various forms of public work. They have now been eight years in Ceylon, and during the Colonial tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales Lady Ridgeway had the pleasure and honour of entertaining her future King and Queen in her charming house at Colombo. Both the Governor of Ceylon and his wife are very fond of yachting, and when at home they often indulge in this form of amusement. Lady Ridgeway has, however, but little time for private forms of amusement and pleasure at the present moment, for she takes an active interest in all local charitable enterprise, and she is, of course, the Queen and leader of Society in the tea-planters' isle.

A Scottish Grande Dame.

Lady Balfour of Burleigh, the wife of the Secretary for Scotland, has a great rôle to play this week, for she and her husband are naturally in constant attendance on their Majesties, and she made many of the presentations at the Queen's Drawing-Room at Holyrood yesterday (12th). Lady Balfour of Burleigh is a sister of Lord Aberdeen, and, as such, Scotch of the Scotch, her youth having been spent at Haddo House, while much of her married life has also been passed North of the Tweed. She has a sweet and sympathetic manner, and takes a keen, intelligent interest in everything that concerns the education of women and the furtherance of their interests. She never allows the fact that Lord Balfour of Burleigh and Lord Aberdeen are in different political camps to affect her keen affection for her brother, and her children and those of Lord and Lady Aberdeen are constantly together.

Lady Balfour's Daughters.

Lord and Lady Balfour of Burleigh are the happy parents of five children; the Master of Burleigh served in the South African War, his brother will be of age next year, and, of their three daughters, the birth of the youngest some five years ago brought them many warm congratulations, for little Miss Victoria Alexandrina Bruce was fifteen years younger than her parents' next youngest child. It is very pretty to see the little "Tor," as she is called, with her elder sisters; she is a bright and charming child, and the late Sovereign, who was exceedingly fond of her mother, intimated her wish to be godmother to the baby girl, presenting her with a beautiful and quaint jewelled ornament, in which appear the rose, shamrock, and thistle. Miss Jean Bruce is a contemporary of her cousin, Lady Marjorie Gordon; she is devoted to her little sister, and often helps her mother in the many social and philanthropic duties which fall to Lady Balfour of Burleigh.

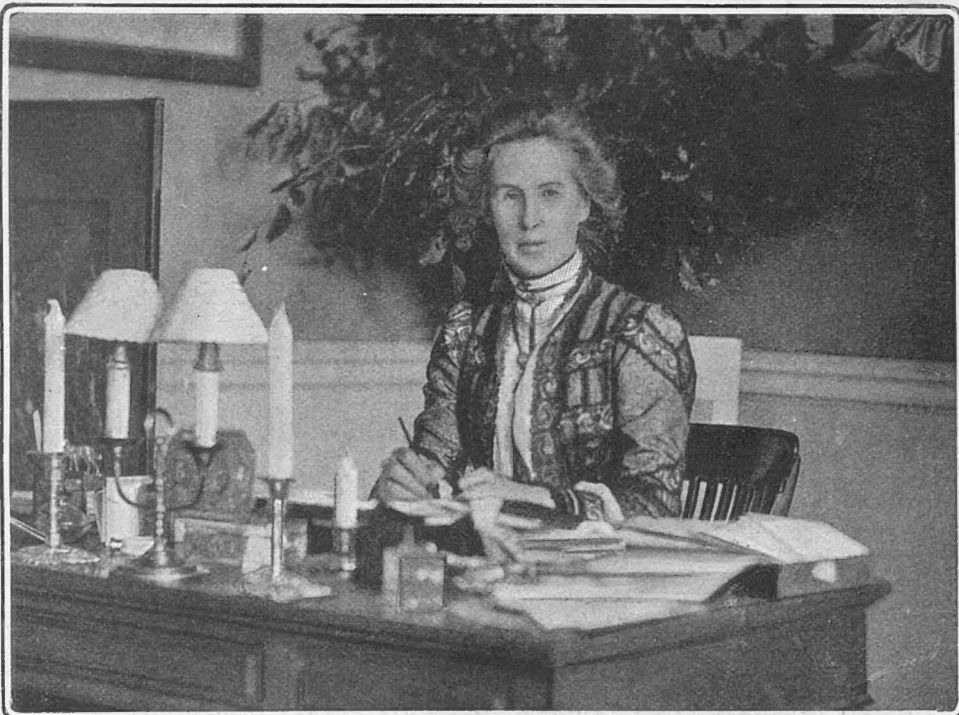
An amusing story which reaches me from Belgrade happily illustrates the determination of Queen Draga to secure the respect due to her position (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*). A few days ago, the wife of a former Minister of State, who is one of the sworn enemies of Her Majesty, was commanded to an audience of the Queen in her capacity of President of a Belgrade Association. The lady behaved as if ignorant of Court etiquette and omitted to kiss the Queen's hand. Subsequently, she boasted of her omission and declared that in no circumstances would she kiss the hand of "such a woman."

A friend of the lady recounted this boast to her husband, who promptly reported it to the Court. The next day a Court equipage halted outside the house of the ex-Minister's wife, to whom was delivered a message commanding her immediately to appear before the Queen. A refusal was impossible. The lady drove, therefore, in the carriage to the Royal Konak and was about to proceed to the reception-room of Her Majesty. The Queen, however, stood on the threshold, and, without uttering a word, extended her hand for the customary kiss. The lady did what she could not avoid and kissed the Royal hand, whereon Her Majesty, with a furious gesture, commanded, "Now quit!" and closed the door. Needless to say, the Court equipage had not waited to convey the unfortunate lady home.



MISS JEAN BRUCE AND "TOR," DAUGHTERS OF LORD AND LADY BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH.

Photograph by Olive and Katharine Edis, Sheringham.



LADY BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH.

Photograph by Olive and Katharine Edis, Sheringham.

Tolstoy as Humorist.

Tolstoy, during his recent illness in the Crimea, was the object of a good many pilgrimages from abroad. The advent and issue of one of these pilgrimages has now been related by the poet to a friend. A rich American, who had arrived with a yachting-party, begged permission to see the immortal Russian. He promised that he would not disturb him with any attempt at conversation, but that he and his friends would be contented with a sight of the sick poet. The desired permission was accorded, and Tolstoy sat on his balcony, "like a Buddhist idol," to use his own words, while the yachting-party filed before him. One lady could not resist the temptation to speak. She stopped in front of him and exclaimed: "Leo Tolstoy, Leo Tolstoy, your noble writings have deeply influenced my whole life; but what has taught me more than aught else is

your . . ." She had forgotten the name of the book. The poet weakly leaned over the balcony and whispered, with a smile, "'Dead Souls'?" "Yes, yes!" responded the lady. "Ah!" rejoined Tolstoy in a faint voice, "the book is by Gogol, not by me."

An Expensive Ceremonial.

Protestant Germans are very discontented with the etiquette of Emperor William's visit to the Pope. They point out that King Edward made a complete breach in the elaborate ceremonial for receptions at the Vatican. Owing to the observances demanded from other monarchs, involving a complete change of carriages, horses, coachmen, outriders from those employed in visiting the Quirinal, it is estimated that Emperor William's visit to His Holiness necessitated an outlay of no less than £900.

Mr. Astor, not content with being proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and of twice ducal Cliveden, has now become owner of Hever Castle, one of the most interesting and perfect examples of an old British stronghold in the South of England. On the borders of Kent, Hever Castle is delightfully situated, and the romantic visitor feels a thrill when he remembers that it was there, in the quaint Tudor rooms, that Anne Boleyn spent much of her childhood, and some say was actually born there. When Henry VIII. first fell in love with her, he constantly pursued his unholy courtship at Hever, for, while within comparatively easy distance of London, it was far away from the Court of his wife, Catherine of Aragon. By a curious irony of fate, after Henry had put a summary end to poor Anne Boleyn, he seized Hever Castle, and actually granted the estate to his repudiated wife, Anne of Cleves, and there she mournfully lived and finally died. One of the most charming portions of the picturesque gardens is the bowling-green, overlooked by a portion of the Castle. It is to be hoped that Mr. Astor will allow

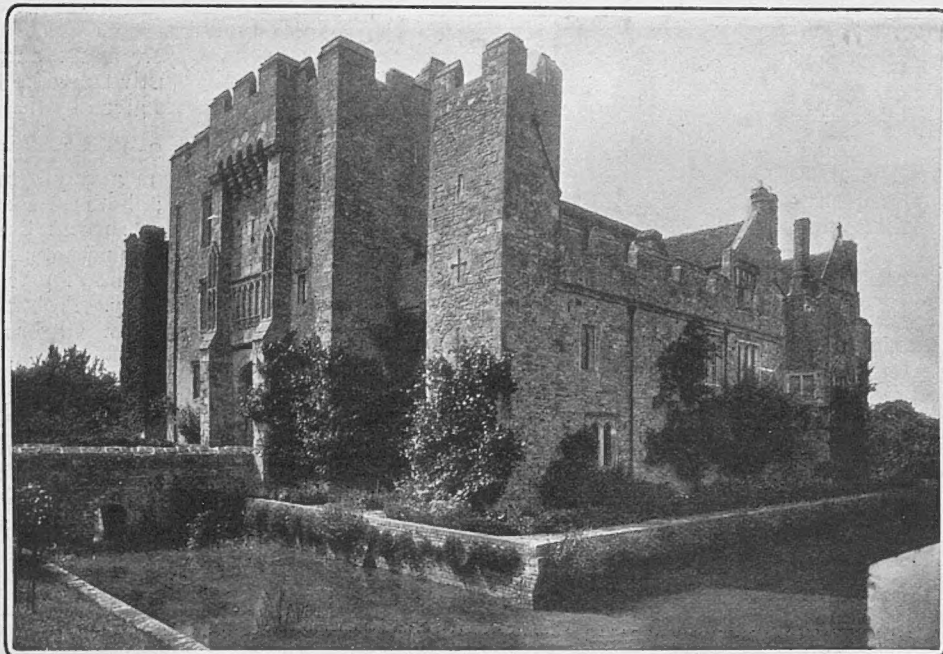
his new possession to be still open to visitors on one day each week. Hever is near another famous old place, Chiddingstone Castle.

A Great Proconsul.

Lord Milner's greatest service to his country, wrote the author of a recent volume, has been the way in which he has opened the eyes of his fellow-subjects to the absolute incompatibility of the British and the Dutch ideals of Government. Since these words were written, Lord Milner has added an even more notable achievement to the long list already to his credit. Mr. Chamberlain's warm tribute in the

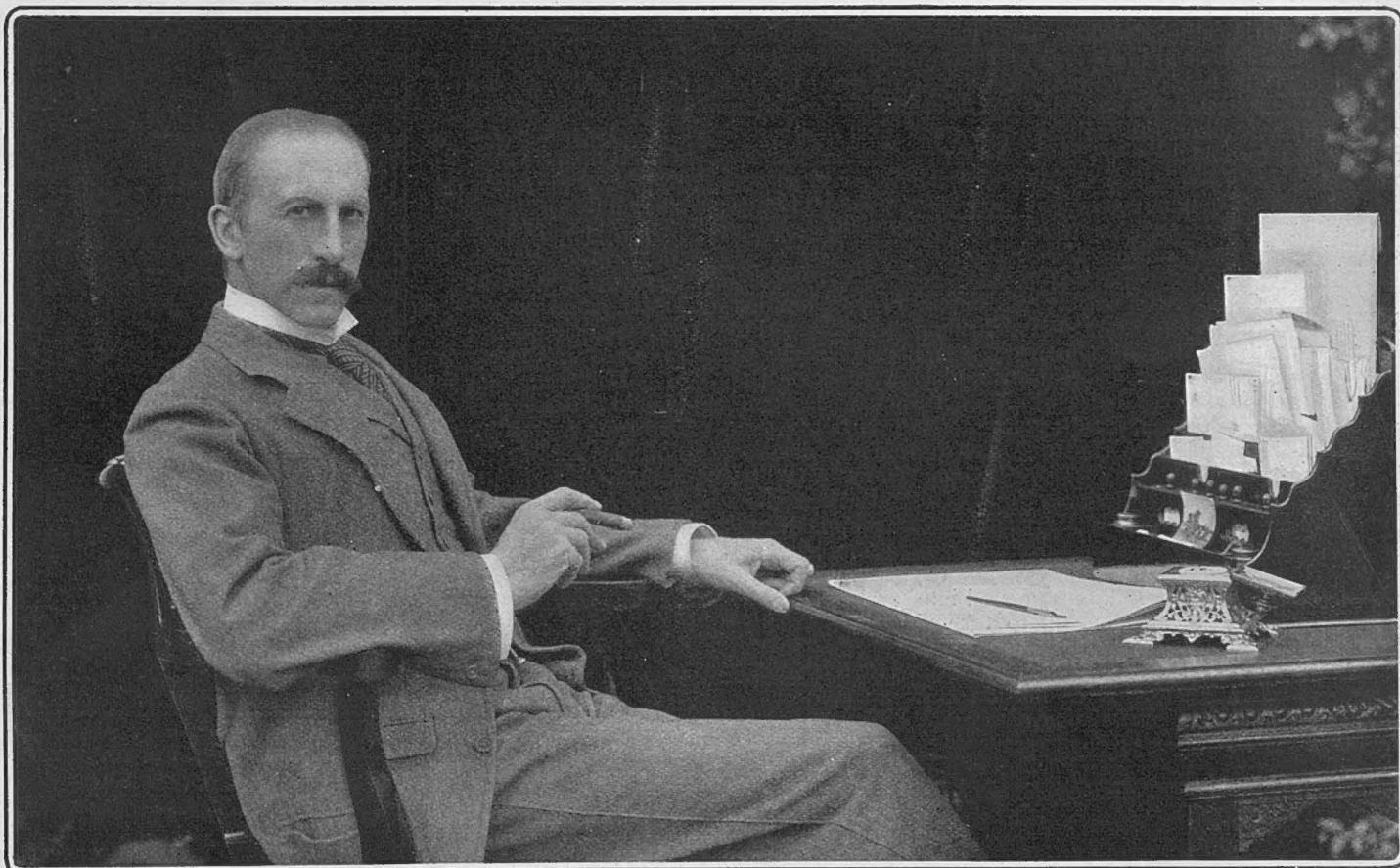
House last week was well deserved indeed. The report lately issued on the re-settling of our new Colonies, though Lord Milner himself characterised it as "incomplete and somewhat hasty," is a record of almost super-human yet highly successful work accomplished in the face of unfriendly criticism at home and immense difficulties in South Africa. In little more than eight months, some two hundred thousand of the old Burgher population have been restored to their homes, and have been supplied with the means of working on their farms or the farms of others. For months the vast majority had to be supplied with food by Lord Milner and his co-workers, while, it being winter

when operations commenced, there was no grass, and forage had to be provided for the thousands of wretched horses taken over from the military; indeed, hundreds of these poor animals died before they had even done any work at all. It is impossible to quote at length from Lord Milner's report; suffice it to say that, just as, years ago, his experience in North Africa enabled him to write the best book that has ever been published on the position of England in the Land of the Pharaohs, so his work in the southern portion of the "Dark Continent" has stamped him as one of the greatest organisers and administrators the Empire has ever seen.



HEVER CASTLE, RECENTLY PURCHASED BY MR. ASTOR.

Photograph by Frith, Reigate.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF LORD MILNER.

Photograph by Duffus Brothers, of Johannesburg; published by the London Stereoscopic Company.

Another Union of Hearts.

The Irish Land Bill has promoted a union of Nationalist and Conservative hearts almost as touching as the union celebrated by Mr. Gladstone. Although Mr. Redmond and his friends have found many serious flaws in the measure, they approve of its spirit, and bitter antagonists of the last seventeen years agree in anticipating a new



SOCIETY AND THE STAGE: MRS. CARL MEYER.

Photograph by Langfieri, Old Bond Street, W.

Ireland. The Nationalist leader has been actually discovered in the Lobby of the House of Commons conversing with the Lord-Lieutenant. Dramatic situations will never be impossible so long as we have the Irish with us. It is hard to believe that, a few months ago, a Nationalist member, amid the frantic cheers of colleagues, was shaking his fist in the face of the Prime Minister.

A Defiant Minister. Sir Edward Carson, the Solicitor-General, excited the Parliamentarians by hinting disapproval of the Land Bill and ridiculing the idea that it would effect a final settlement. Politicians trained in a school of strict discipline expected that he would cease to hold office, but Sir Edward returned to the Treasury Bench and seemed on as good terms as ever with the Prime Minister. Mr. Balfour allows his colleagues a great deal of liberty, and, in any event, he would have no desire to set Sir Edward Carson free to oppose the Land Bill. The Solicitor-General is a very clever man with a very caustic tongue, but suffers from dyspepsia. "I envy you your stomach," he said, some time ago, to a Nationalist member who was enjoying with great relish a glass of stout.

Society and the Stage. Of late years Society may be said to have invaded Stage-land, and many leading beauties pride themselves on possessing the histrionic gift to the very highest degree. Not content with playing parts on the private stages of such houses as Chatsworth, West Dean, and Dalkeith Palace, a group of lovely women, greatly daring, organised the famous War Tableaux at Her Majesty's Theatre, which proved the greatest financial success of any of the many War entertainments. It would be invidious to award the palm, but probably many of those interested in the subject would agree that the most remarkable of amateur actresses at the present moment is Miss Muriel Wilson, who joins rare personal loveliness to wonderful power of mimicry and of expressing both joy and sadness. This young lady is always pressed into service whenever any peculiarly smart theatricals are about to take place, and she has more than once made a successful appearance at Chatsworth. In the War Tableaux she represented both "Peace" and "War." It is said that Miss Wilson has more than once had offers from Managers or leading London Companies. She is one of a group of lovely sisters, the daughters of Mr. Wilson of Tranby Croft.

On the Chatsworth Stage. Princess Henry of Pless, who has been nicknamed "The fair one with the golden locks," has inherited her love of acting from her clever and musical mother. The Princess made her debut at Chatsworth in a musical monologue, entitled "The Eternal Feminine." Under the

Duchess of Devonshire's hospitable roof was also produced both a charming little French play and "A Pantomime Rehearsal," among those who took part in these being Count Mensdorff, the popular diplomatist; Lady Aldra Acheson, one of Queen Alexandra's many god-daughters; Lady Feo Sturt; and, last not least, Mrs. Willie James, one of the cleverest and most bewitching of Society players.

The Great Lord Shaftesbury's Grand-daughter.

There is something piquant in the thought that one of the most successful amateur actresses, Lady Mar and Kellie, is the grand-daughter of the famous Lord Shaftesbury who gave up the whole of his life to austerity and good works. Lady Mar and Kellie is one of several sisters, each distinguished for some social gift, Lady Maud Warrander having a particularly fine voice. Lady Scarbrough is another successful player, and both Lord and Lady Clifford of Chudleigh have become justly famed in the amateur world from the brilliant series of theatricals given by them at Ugbrooke Park.

A Bride of the Moment.

Last Saturday's bride, Lady Bertha Dawkins, has won a very great reputation in the amateur world; both she and her sister, Lady Maud Wilbraham, scored a great success by a series of performances in Northampton. Lady Bertha, unlike most actresses, has no speciality; she is equally good in every kind of personification, and she takes her love for the stage very seriously. Probably no woman in Society, save, perhaps, Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes"), knows more of contemporary stage-literature.

Popular and Pretty Players.

In addition to those already mentioned are many other pretty and popular Society players, notably Lady Dickson-Poynder, who has taken part in many famous performances; Mrs. Carl Meyer, who at Paulton appeared as Bo-peep in "Our Toys"; Mrs. Hill-Trevor, whose whole family take an interest in theatrical matters; Lady Mary Pepys, who makes a speciality of French plays; Mrs. George Crutchley, who is a most charming dancer as well as actress; and Lady Fitzwilliam, who, as Lady Milton, was in great request at every gathering of amateurs.

It may surprise some people to learn that Scottish Society is devoted to amateur theatricals, some of the most successful ever held in the kingdom being those which took place at Dalkeith Palace. The principal item in the programme was a play called "The Red Laird," written by Lord Herbert Scott, one of the Duke of Buccleuch's sons, in which the author himself took the part of the Laird, splendidly dressed from a family portrait. Miss Agatha Thynne, a popular player, acted on the same occasion, as did the pretty Countess of Dalkeith. At Haddo House was produced "The Fortunes of Nigel," dramatised by Lady Aberdeen's young daughter, Lady Marjorie Gordon, who herself took the part of Dame Ursula Saddlechop; her brothers played various rôles, Lord Haddo being the Earl of Huntingdon.



SOCIETY AND THE STAGE: MISS AGATHA THYNNE.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

The dedication of Mr. Andrew Lang's new book on "Social Origins" is to Annabella Alleyne, and reads thus: "Dear Annabella, as you first pointed out to me the facts which are the germ of my Theory of the Origin of Totemism, you are one cause of my share in this book."

Their Royal Highnesses en voyage.

While their Majesties are in Scotland the Prince and Princess of Wales are also *en voyage*. Probably their Royal Highnesses did not regret the fact that their visit to Eaton Hall was of a comparatively private character, for ceremonials must be to Royalty what any ordinary kind of fatiguing duty is to humbler mortals. This week the Prince and Princess of Wales are paying what is styled a "public visit" to Hull; they are, however, spending a few days, as the guests of Lord and Lady Wenlock, in a very beautiful and delightful house, Escrick, one of the finest old Elizabethan mansions in Yorkshire, famed for its splendid library and for the singular beauty and perfection of its Italian gardens, the only style suitable for a curiously level stretch of country.

A Ducal Mansion. Eaton Hall has been often described, for it is one of the most famous if not exactly one of the most picturesque of those stately homes of England which belong to wearers of the strawberry-leaves. Eaton Hall must be full of interest to the Princess of Wales, owing to the fact that it was there her sister-in-law, the Duchess of Teck, spent her happy childhood and youth, and there also that the latter's marriage to the popular Prince Adolphus of Teck, as he then was, took place. To the Prince of Wales, the most interesting feature of Eaton must naturally be the famous stables, where so many racehorses have been born and bred, and where only lately the venerable Bend Or, most noted of Derby winners, died full of years and honours.

A Leslie Stuart Anecdote.

In the classic game of making things that are seen otherwise—the game which is known as "spoof"—Mr. Leslie Stuart, who forms the subject of our Photographic Interview this week, is a past-master. He is constantly playing the game, but probably never with more fun to himself than happened last year, when he was in America travelling for pleasure with one of the Companies which was presenting "Florodora" in the Far West. In order that the music of the opera might be rendered effectively, the Management travelled, as part of the Company, an orchestra of twelve to augment the resident orchestra. When they got to El Paso, Texas, the conductor went to him and said, "The local band is an impossibility and will ruin the music." "Very well," said Mr. Stuart, "don't let

them play, and give the opera with your own twelve men." "That would be all right," the conductor replied, "only there is no one but me to play the piano, and I can't play and conduct at the same time." "Well, I'll play the piano for you," said Mr. Stuart. In the evening, he slipped unnoticed into his place, and, after the first Act, as it was known that he was in the town, the Editor of the local paper sent a message saying he would like to interview him. Mr. Stuart accordingly went up into the lobby and proceeded to be interviewed.

"The band is very fine," said the Editor, determined to boom the local talent at all costs, though not a single local musician was playing. "You must acknowledge that it does your music justice," he continued. "It is very fine," replied Mr. Stuart, "all except the man who plays the piano, and he is simply atrocious!" "Ah!" said the Editor, "but he is not a local man, I assure you; the pianist was brought by the Company."

Mr. Stuart had quite expected that his little joke about the pianist would have been received in the spirit in which it was meant, and that the Editor would have recognised him. As he did not, however, the composer determined to let the joke go to its ultimate conclusion, so he proceeded to inveigh against the sending of a cheap pianist when a competent man could have been got at a very little greater cost. Before Mr. Stuart left the town next day, he bought a paper, and there he found his strictures against that cheap pianist reproduced, not in the form of an interview, but as part of the criticism on the performance. The article was scathing, not to say damnatory, and declared that the only blot on the performance was that made by the pianist. The Manager of the theatre knew who the pianist was, and, when the criticism came out, he was not long in revealing his identity. The laugh at the Editor can be better imagined than described. It was lucky for Mr. Stuart that he had left the town, for, if that irate Editor had got hold of him after being chaffed for half-a-day, he would have been scalped, to say the least of it.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett's title for his new novel is "The Queen's Quair: the Love Story of Mary Queen of Scots." Major Martin Hume has been making an exhaustive study of Mary's love-affairs, and has discovered one or two new ones. His book will be published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash in the autumn.



MISS VIOLET DARRELL, NOW PLAYING IN "THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE" AT THE HAYMARKET.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.



EATON HALL, VISITED BY THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES LAST WEEK.

Photograph by Whalmough Webster, Chester.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

The King's Visit. The return of the King to this favoured Capital was a complete success (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). The disgraceful attempts to lead to disorder and rioting made by that modern Simon Tappetit, Lucien Millevoye, failed hopelessly. You cannot form fours with one man and a couple of freaks such as Rochefort and Drumont. There was no enthusiasm, and no one can suggest that there was any call for it. But the attitude was cordial, courteous, and genial. The Parisians felt that in their guest they had a friend who had possibly forgotten more of the life of their city than they had ever known. One of the most masterly tactics of His Majesty was in regard to the cry, "Vive les Boers!" He was unaware, diplomatically, that it was intended as a slightly hostile cry, and expressed his keen satisfaction at the good feeling of the French towards his new Colonists, whom he respected so much.

Two Tired Rulers. The arrival of the King, after his thirty hours' tiring journey, brought him into contact with a more weary man in the person of President Loubet, who had been on sea and rail for two days. They were smiling and radiant and full of good-fellowship, but the traces of want of sleep were apparent. They would have willingly dispensed with the heavy banquet, but the protocole was inexorable. The gala at the Comédie was brilliant and its beginning lively. The early arrival of "La Belle Otero" with diamonds that blazed like a Brock's Benefit left the *tout Paris* breathless. Naturally, the clever dancer was not on the list of the protocole, and, as invitations were absolutely personal, there was nothing left but to ask "La Belle" to retire. Throughout the evening the King and the President were frequently seen to close their eyes, and even to nod, out of sheer fatigue. The fact that there was no applause has led to some consternation in theatrical circles. Being under a Republican Government they dearly love a King. It is feared, by the ladies in particular, that this may become the mode in the fashionable houses. For my own part, I found it delightful. Like most men, I feel alternately glad and sorry when I read a good novel, but I do not want to get up and disturb the cat with loud clapping or sustained hissing. After all, a play is only a novel in tableaux-vivants.

A Striking Honour. Nothing was more remarkable than the visit to the Hôtel de Ville. The City Fathers, who are generally Nationalists, have been in eternal strife with the Government since the Minister of War ordered Colonel Marchand not to accept their invitation for a reception in his honour after the Fashoda incident. The firebrands felt that they were safe there and that Paris would refuse to honour the guest of the Republic. Never was there a greater mistake, and nothing was more gorgeous and cordial than the welcome to His Majesty. He seemed utterly unnerved; but when he lifted the cup of champagne he was all smiles, and his grasp of the hand was not formal but positively cordial. M. Deville, the President of the Council, who braved the howlers, was well rewarded with the Grand Cross of the Victorian Order. Speaking of decorations, the Prefect of Police, M. Lepine, who received a similar honour, has notoriously only one object in life, and that is to be appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James. The Prefect is enormously popular with the Parisians, and he would be well regarded as France's representative in these piping times of peace.

Little Ironies. The gorgeous race-meeting at Longchamp baffles description. At the risk of upsetting the ladies, I will, however, state that the latest in sleeves unnerves me. They are not large, they are enormous; and some seem to have the proportions of crinolines. One lady hoisted on a stool would blot out the finish of a race for a crowd. The King was dressed as for Sandown, in frock-coat and silk-hat, but without a button-hole, wherein he was well advised, for, as it seems to me, every wearable flower is the emblem of one League or another engaged in the incoherent dance

for changing the existing form of Government. The victories of John Bull and The Czar, two rank outsiders, in the principal races was an ironical glorious uncertainty that delighted the ladies, who always in France back anything that, in a dumb sort of way, gives a hint from the programme.

Looking Forward. That the King's visit will have a lasting result is certain. It bewilders residents of years in Paris to think that while, twelve months ago, the Boer War was unfinished and hatred running high, within so brief a period French and English flags have been flying side by side, cannons roaring, the streets blazing with light, the working-people dancing in the public squares, and all in honour of Edward VII., King of Great Britain and Ireland and Emperor of India.

Very Curious. The word "pickpocket" is in France as current as "jockey," and is regarded as much an English importation as a plum-pudding.

It was expected that the visit of the King would lead to an enormous ingress, and the detective service was doubled. On an average, eighty arrests are made a-day. On the day of the King's arrival they fell to forty, and on the historical Saturday to eight, the lowest on record.

Legalised Thieves. It has just come to light that an astounding state of things exists in Paris. A well-known shoplifter and her son were arrested *en flagrant délit*, and at the police-station hundreds of francs' worth of stolen goods was found on them. The two were in a pitiable state and screaming for their hypodermic morphia-syringes. They were perfect morphomaniacs, and were immediately released, as the law regards these poor wretches as perfectly irresponsible. Habitual thieves, it is said, have adopted the habit as a protection.

The Footlights. Sarah Bernhardt is off to Germany with the usual répertoire, and will wander for a month. At her theatre "La Damnation de Faust" is to be mounted. In the eighth Act there will be a violent rain-storm. By permission of the Municipal Council, the Management have been allowed to tap a main, and it will be a storm and no mistake. Bergerat's "Petite Mère" would have been undoubtedly better as an opéra-comique, for it has all the elements of a huge success. As it is, it supplies a delightfully light evening. The Ambigu has brought out "Le Ruban Rouge." A man who amused himself with Bradshaw's Guide might appreciate it, but it is out of my depth. The Gymnase becomes the Maeterlinck Theatre, and there will be a rush of the cult.

"CARMEN," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Prosper Mérimée's story of "Carmen" lends itself admirably to stage-treatment and has already done good service in more than one dramatic form. In the ballet of that name put on at the Alhambra, Mr. Charles Wilson and Mr. George Byng, the constructor of the ballet and composer of the incidental music respectively, have followed in Bizet's lines to a great extent, and the outcome is a triumph. As Carmen, Señorita Guerrero's performance thoroughly fulfils the conditions laid down by Mérimée, while, as a dancer, she possesses all the grace and suppleness of the Southern Spaniard. Her pantomime is superbly expressive and her movements exquisitely studied. As José, Mr. Volbert scores a genuine success by his forcible acting and emotional display, while Miss Edith Slack, the feminine exponent of Escamillo, gives a clever performance in the part of the dashing toreador. The well-trained Alhambra Company have abundant opportunities for the display of their dancing abilities, the combination of colours is throughout most tastefully harmonised, and Mr. Dundas Slater has good reason to be pleased with the production and reception of the new ballet.



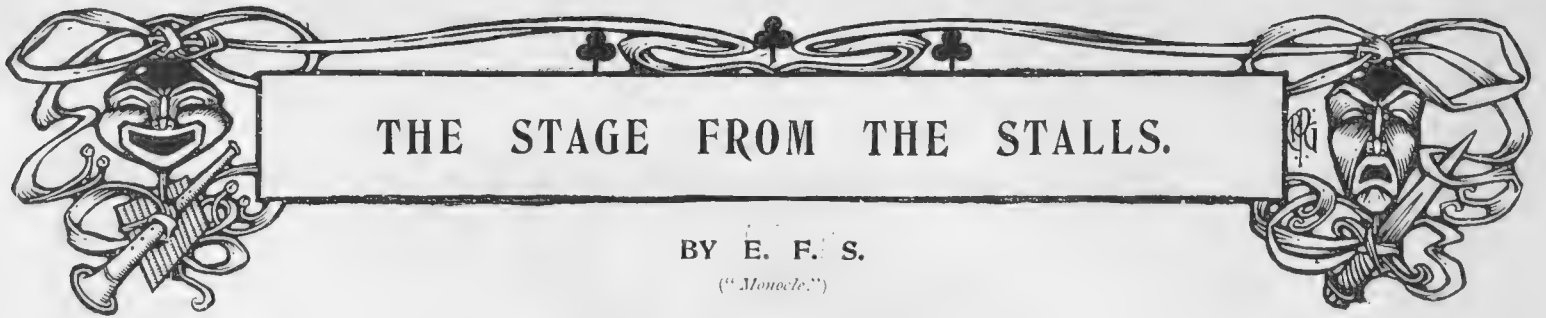
SEÑORITA GUERRERO, WHO PLAYS CARMEN IN THE NEW BALLET OF THAT NAME AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.



KING EDWARD'S VISIT TO PARIS: SKETCHES ON THE BOULEVARDS.

BY DUDLEY HARDY, OUR REPRESENTATIVE IN PARIS.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"THE LITTLE COUNTESS."

EVERYONE was anxious that Mr. George P. Bancroft's play, "The Little Countess," produced at the Avenue, should be successful, because his name indicates truly that he comes of a family to which playgoers are greatly indebted. Of course, I do not pretend to say that "The Little Countess" will not have a long run, since, although we are often rated somewhat contemptuously, it is only a very empty-headed section of the public that regards our craft as somewhat analogous to that of the sporting prophets and reproaches us if we under- or overestimate the staying powers of plays; nevertheless, I am bound to say that it is disappointing. Implicitly it would seem the rather tired work of an old hand or the experiment of a young one who has got on the wrong track; the latter is the case. Mr. Bancroft has learnt many of the tricks of the trade, he "knows the ropes"; but, to carry the phrase into another tongue, he lets us see the *ficelles* of his play. The unsophisticated playgoer may not notice the strings by which the puppets are worked; to the critic they are as obvious as the wires to which flying fairies in a ballet are attached. There is no need to insist on the phrase about art concealing artifice in a case where one feels that the playwright, like a conjurer, is anxious to show you the difficulty of the task that he accomplishes. There will always—in my time, at least—be a place for the artificial-ingenuity play, which, however, when it is to be produced in the first-class theatres of a great city, demands a dexterity of workmanship and a cunning mechanical inventiveness hardly within the range of the young writer. During the last Act of "The Little Countess" one is curious, not excited; inquisitive, not moved. The situation is simple. Jack has been the lover of Sadie, now the virtuous, devoted wife of a young Earl. Lady Hermione, sister of the Earl, is Sadie's successor in Jack's heart, and pays a midnight visit to him at his chambers with the most amiable intentions, although she has a husband in South Africa. Sadie follows her: as a rule, in this kind of play the heroine comes to save the naughty women, but in Mr. Bancroft's piece her mission is not one of the coals-of-fire order. She has her triumph, and Lady Hermione grovels before the ex-"star" of the musical-comedy stage, who, in the end, agrees to keep a secret which, in fact, she could not disclose without fouling her own nest. Then, of course, it is announced that the young Earl is at hand, and he is not unlikely to misunderstand the midnight meeting of Sadie with her old lover. The position is familiar to the constant playgoer, who wonders what new trick is to be played. Lady Hermione bolts into the bedroom and locks the door. The only other exit leads to the staircase. Sadie must be hidden. Where? Jack suggests that she may lie under the sofa. "It's been done before," she says. There are curtains, but the risk of discovery seems great. A large roll of carpet is in the room. They lay it down on the floor and unroll a part; she creeps in and is covered up. The young Earl enters, suspecting naught.

Now Sadie was accustomed to use strong scent—so was a Countess in a play in which Lady Bancroft had an important part—and, like the Countess "Dora," she favours a peculiar perfume. I really think that people deserve to get into trouble who adopt such an unpleasant, selfish, nasty habit, the historical basis of which, I fancy, is the fact that fair ladies in bygone days, when cleanliness was not deemed next to godliness, employed strong scents to counteract displeasing odours that soap and water might have removed. Ere now I have had a dinner ruined because the much-advertised perfume borne by my lovely neighbour has reeked over my glasses and plates, giving everything a levelling obnoxious flavour; and before this I have trodden on toes, and perhaps torn dresses, in a struggle out through narrow rows of stalls to escape the society of a lady because her chosen perfume has given me a headache and feeling of nausea. No one, I think, has a right to inflict a scent on stranger or friend without knowing whether he or she has a healthy taste or the jaded system that can endure the concoctions which bear the names of flowers, and resemble their odour merely as the landscapes of an Academician resemble the fields and trees of Nature.

The Earl smells—a Countess. He orders Jack to open the bedroom door, and we seem to be in the thick of it. Lady Hermione comes out with a veil over her head, and her brother fails to recognise her and so apologises to Jack. His suspicions are at an end—easily, for the fact that a lady who does not use the scent comes out of the room hardly explains the presence of the perfume. We, however, knew that this was a mere preliminary canter. The Earl picks up a pompon, which, according to him, must have come from Sadie's fancy-dress—a peculiar pompon, it seems to me, to be so easily identified. "Can you explain this?" asks the Earl. "Yes," answers Jack, and he said that Sadie was wearing that night a costume similar

to one in which she formerly made a "hit," and that he had preserved the original. To prove this, he produced the original costume from a box in his sitting-room! This was a staggerer for the Earl—and for the audience as well. So off the husband went, with apologies. Then I had a momentary thrill. Perhaps we were to be indulged with an unexpected note of tragedy. It is not healthy to lie concealed inside a big roll of carpet and, whilst lying there, to go through violent emotions, and I thought of a scene in "Held by the Enemy," where a man, whilst shamming death, dies, and also of a Balzac story and other like cases; but Mr. Bancroft was not so audacious, and, perhaps, was wise. Sadie crawled out and tottered off; and one noticed that the Earl had never searched for her and that she might just as well have been under the sofa or behind the curtain, and that the roll of carpet was a needless, useless piece of furniture in a play in which the characters are merely pieces of theatrical furniture. It is surprising and deplorable that Mr. Bancroft should employ mere furniture-people in his play. As a barrister of ten years' standing who practises in the Probate and Divorce Division, and not in the non-human Courts of the Chancery side, he ought to know a good deal of men and women—so far, at least, as the seamy side is concerned. Yet, when he writes a play, intentionally or unintentionally he relies on his memory of dramas and novels, and not upon his observation of life, and his characters speak and behave just as thousands have spoken and behaved on the stage and not in the world. It is easier and more difficult to write plays of this class than real-life dramas. More difficult, because you must find or invent a strong plot with plenty of striking incidents to pull you through. For, if the audience is not interested in the characters—inevitably the case when they do not seem real—it must be carried along by action, action, action, and this fact is hardly appreciated in "The Little Countess," which for a long time has the tranquillity in externals that only true comedy can support.

It may seem hard thus to deal with the work of a young writer, but, since one recognises the promise in Mr. Bancroft's work, it is important to point out the danger of his talents being wasted. For it appears that it is very hard for the writer who works on what R. L. Stevenson called the "falsification" lines to change his method—the leopard's difficulty with his spots seems little greater. Mr. Bancroft might consider "Dante"—the very Drury Lane "Dante"—as a warning. Undoubtedly, Sardou might have left enduring plays; probably no work of his will live, unless it be "Patrie," an old play in which he was simple and direct; unfortunately, at an early stage he was tempted by the demon of ingenuity. After a while, he out-Scribed Scribe, whose work was as much in vogue at one time as that of Sardou ever has been, and, after achieving immense success by the display of the utmost refinement of cleverness, he has gradually fallen in the estimation of critics and critical playgoers. Heine's dying remark about not having enough breath left to hiss a comedy by Monsieur Scribe might be applied well enough to Sardou, whose pieces he would have detested as heartily as those of the author of "Bataille de Dames." Sardou has had his great chance, and in "Dante," if he had not warped his powers by constant trickery in stage-craft, no doubt would have been able to write the kind of play which in interviews on the subject he professes to have written, instead of the thing of shreds and patches to which nothing but the prestige and power of Sir Henry Irving and his gifts as *meilleur en scène* can give any chance of success. Sardou, one might say, is now really out in the cold, since even the "star" actresses are seeking other manufacturers; his formula is becoming neglected, other recipes are in vogue, and, except perhaps "Divorçons," probably preserved by its remarkable wit, and "Patrie," little will remain of the work of one who might have left a great name in dramatic history. Of course, there is another side of the medal. Sardou has earned a fortune, and even now to the general mass his name sounds as that of the greatest living dramatist.

Mr. Bancroft has his play represented by a good company. Perhaps Miss Annie Hughes is a little overtaxed. Certainly her appearance in the Pierrot costume is a mistake. The whitening of the face obliterates lines of expression, and the actress needs an immense reserve fund to carry through such a scene without every aid. To attempt the task with whitened face is almost like fighting with one hand a man whom you can only beat when at your best. However, many of her scenes went very well, and she was heartily applauded. Mr. Ben Webster as the young Earl was admirable, and Mr. Fred Kerr, if not perhaps quite the actor for the part, played Jack very cleverly. It is a pity that Miss Suzanne Sheldon had so poor a chance of showing her powers, and that Miss Burnett had such an artificial part that her gifts were ineffective.



A SONG OF MAY.

DRAWN BY LEONARD LINSDELL.

BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND THEIR OWNERS.

XXVI.—DALKEITH PALACE.

DALKEITH PALACE, where their Majesties are spending what promises to be one of the most interesting and, from an historical point of view, most important weeks of their lives, is, curiously enough, almost exactly a duplicate of the Royal Palace of Loo, in Holland. The most stately of the Duke of Buccleuch's many splendid places stands on a rocky eminence above the River Esk. It was built by the Duchess of Monmouth on the site of a very old mediæval stronghold, and Sir John Vanbrugh, the fashionable architect of that day, was given *carte blanche* to build the most wonderful and most palatial mansion that the heart of man could devise. There are those who consider the huge, heavy-looking structure by no means an architectural success, but the fact remains that the Palace is an extremely splendid edifice, very comfortable inside, and containing one of the finest galleries in Scotland, as well as a magnificent Library.

The park and gardens of Dalkeith are justly famed both in the North and in the South. The park is some thousand acres in extent, and is intersected by both the Esks, which meet within it. Picturesque groves and avenues of grand old trees are scattered throughout the breadth and length of the estate, and the grass rides are also a lovely feature. The holly hedge, close on a hundred years old, which grows up against one of the park walls for two miles, can be seen from the North British Railway.

"The King's Approach" is indeed a Royal entrance to Dalkeith. Over a mile in length, bounded on either side by a broad margin of turf, it leads from the Palace to the Edinburgh road, where it is terminated by beautiful wrought-iron gates which were originally copied from those at Holland House.

The Palace is famed for its splendid suite of rooms, the ground-floor consisting entirely of reception-rooms opening out of the Centre Hall, which, panelled with oak, is hung with some splendid portraits, as is also the Carpet Hall. Here may be seen a

notable presentment of the "First Gentleman in Europe," who stayed at Dalkeith in 1822 and who was painted by Wilkie. Very delightful is the apartment known as the Duchess's Sitting-room, lined with splendid carved-wood panelling and containing a priceless counterfeit presentment of the unhappy Catherine of Aragon, with an inscription running round the frame, "Oh Lord, Thou art my portion. I have determined to keep Thy Word." In the Library is a remarkable collection of early Scottish books and manuscripts, and in a room close to it hangs a series of battle-pieces each redounding to the honour and glory of the unfortunate Monmouth, whose widow lived so long at Dalkeith.

In the Dining-room of Dalkeith Palace, General Monk is said to have planned the Restoration of Charles II., and, of all the apartments for which Dalkeith Palace is famed, perhaps it is the most interesting both from the historical and from the art point of view. There, also, in addition to a number of family portraits of value, is a splendid "Duke of Monmouth" in armour, perhaps the most valuable Holbein

in the kingdom, two Vandycks, and, last but not least, by far the loveliest presentment of the unhappy Mary Queen of Scots, whose portraits, as a rule, do not bear out what the world has been taught to believe of her beauty and charm. From the Dining-room the visitor passes into the Marble Hall, containing a striking statue of the "Iron Duke," the last likeness of him ever taken.

The great Gallery, noble as are its proportions, and splendid as are the paintings with which its walls are hung, owes its peculiar interest to the fact that it was there that was held the only Drawing-Room ever given out of a Royal Palace. In 1842 there was an epidemic of scarlet fever at Holyrood, and, accordingly, Queen Victoria received the great Scottish nobility and gentry at Dalkeith. Very interesting to

connoisseurs are the two magnificent cabinets which were presented by Charles II. to his son, the Duke of Monmouth, as a wedding-present, and which were originally given to the donor himself by Louis XIV. There are, of course, many relics of Monmouth at Dalkeith, including the suit worn by him on the day of his execution.

His Majesty's host has seven great country places—five in Scotland, two in England. He is the owner of innumerable works of art, including the most famous portrait of Sir Walter Scott, that by Raeburn, which hangs in the Library at Bowhill, the Duke's delightful place in the Vale of Yarrow. The Duke is Captain-General of the Royal Bodyguard of Scottish Archers, and Gold Stick of Scotland. He is a typical Scot, devoted to the land of his birth, and familiar with its great traditions. There is one Southern sport, however, in which he has always shown much interest; this is cricket, and each cricket season sees him spending many a bright afternoon at Lord's. He sits in the Upper House as Lord Doncaster, and has many times spoken well and to the point on public matters.

The Duchess of Buccleuch, whose pleasant fate it is to be one of the most magnificently housed

of London hostesses—for Montagu House, Whitehall, is a palace of which the proudest wearer of the strawberry-leaves might well be proud—is the eldest living daughter of the Dowager-Duchess of Abercorn, sister of the reigning Duke and of those two charming and popular ladies, Lady Blandford and Lady Lansdowne. Her Grace has inherited something of the manner of her father, who was known among his intimates as "Old Splendid." Her marriage to the then Earl of Dalkeith took place forty-three years ago, and it is difficult to believe, looking at her, that in six short years she will celebrate her Golden Wedding. The Duchess holds a record in the matter of being Mistress of the Robes; she three times held that great office in the Household of Queen Victoria, and she was re-appointed on the death of the late Sovereign, for Queen Alexandra has a very great regard and affection for her. As Mistress of the Robes, she played a very prominent rôle at the Coronation, and it is her pleasant duty to be in attendance on the Queen Consort on all great occasions.



MONMOUTH AVENUE, DALKEITH PARK.

Photograph by Mitchell.

BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES.



DALKEITH PALACE, WHERE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH ARE ENTERTAINING THE KING AND QUEEN.



MONTAGU BRIDGE, AS SEEN FROM THE WINDOWS OF DALKEITH PALACE.

Photographs by Mitchell.

MR. LESLIE STUART,

COMPOSER OF "FLORODORA," "SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN," AND "THE SCHOOL GIRL."

"A CRANK with original ideas." That is the way in which a friend who knows him well describes Leslie Stuart. No one who knows music will question the originality, while the "crank" will probably be accepted from such an authority in good faith. In him the most opposite qualities are lodged, for, when music seems to be oozing out of his very finger-tips, they are probably itching to hold a cue, since he is one of the most expert amateur billiard-players in England. Similarly, he loves to watch the boxing competitions at the National Sporting Club, and, with his sturdily built, well-set-up figure, he could doubtless give a very good account of himself with the gloves if occasion demanded.

That Mr. Stuart should have developed a bias towards stage-work is not surprising, for, though he was not born in the theatre, he was born of it, and his youthful imagination feasted on "properties." As a child, too, he used sometimes to act as a super in the melodramas which were produced at Liverpool, where his parents lived at the time. In that way he acquired that practical knowledge of the stage and its requirements which is invaluable to anyone working for it, and especially valuable for a composer, though he is probably the only one who has had that advantage. It is, no doubt, in part at least to this early training, coupled with a vivid and romantic imagination, that Mr. Stuart owes the peculiar faculty that he never writes a single bar of music without, at the same time, seeing the movement that will accompany it on the stage, and that as clearly as if the men and women were actually going through that movement before his eyes. A striking example of this occurred in the Finale to the first Act of "Florodora," which has had so remarkable a vogue all over the world. That Finale was, as those who saw it will remember, almost a play in itself. When the music was written, it was sent to the theatre and tried in the ordinary way without the composer being present. Chaos seemed to be the impression produced on the hearers. "That Finale is impossible," said the wisecracks when Mr. Stuart went next day to rehearsal; and they added, "it will bore the audience to extinction."

Mr. Stuart smiled, as every strong man may who has a definite idea in his mind and the means of carrying it out. "If anybody were to offer you five thousand pounds," he said, "and give you five thousand guesses, you could not tell what I want to do in this number." Then he explained each position and situation that was to accompany every bar, with the result that it remained intact and contributed immensely to the success of the world-famed opera.

All the same, however, he has not the slightest hesitation in discarding anything he has written, no matter how much labour it may have cost him, if he finds, on trying it practically, that it does not come up to his expectation. Only within the last few days he has thrown away the result of many days' hard work on the new opera for the Prince of Wales' Theatre. What most other people would do regretfully, Mr. Stuart does without a pang, for, in his opinion—an opinion so strong that it is a conviction—the secret of success on the stage of musical comedy is won not by elaboration or so-called polish, but by what may be called the "hauntingness" of a melody. Indeed, Mr. Stuart has been heard to say over and over again that the polished work of the lyric-writer who is always struggling for poetry and smart lines—things for which the public does not care so much as is imagined—causes a loss of *chic* and the unexpected turning, the very surprise of which makes for the interest of the listener. In phrases musical as well as lyric Mr. Stuart pins his faith when they are so welded together that the one inevitably suggests the other. It

is for this reason that he often writes the words of his songs himself, and in nearly every one of his successful songs he is author as well as composer. A phrase of music suggests certain words to him, and, however incongruous those words may be to the main subject, he fits them in somehow, with the utmost assurance that their very incongruity will be an element in the success of the work. The secret of success in song-writing depends, in his estimation, on the fact that, after the song has been heard for the first time, the playing of the melody a second time will inevitably cause the proper words to be attached to the strain, and the speaking of the words will bring the melody back to haunt the ear. Examples of this are certainly to be found in two of his well-known songs, "Little Dolly Daydream" and "Sweetheart May." They are interesting from another point of view, for they were both suggested by his little daughters, whom, as he humorously says, he

has a habit of "turning into royalties." His eldest daughter, Miss May Stuart, was a particular pet of the late Signor Foli, for whom, by the way, Mr. Stuart wrote "The Bandolero." One day, the little girl was sitting on his knee and telling him how much she loved him. She naïvely assured him that she meant to marry him when she grew up, but she added, "I know you won't wait for me." At once the idea, coupled with the fact that Foli used always, whenever he met Mr. Stuart, to ask, "How's my sweetheart May?" struck Mr. Stuart as being capable of musical treatment. He sat down to the piano, and in a little while the song was written. Similarly with "Little Dolly Daydream." When Mr. Stuart's second daughter, Dolly, first went to school, the effect on her of the new life was marked. She became reflective and got into a habit of not hearing what was said to her at first. One day, when she got home, she seemed more than ordinarily far away in the clouds. "Come on, little Dolly Daydream; wake up!" said Mr. Stuart. As the child came back to earth, with a smile, the father was struck with the phrase and its adaptability for a song, which he at once set out to fashion.

One of the most delightful characteristics of Mr. Stuart is his utter lack of affectation, as another is the frankness with which he discusses his views of things musical. The first of his many songs to acquire street-organ popularity was "Louisiana Lou," and he frankly admits that it was a delight to him, as he frankly avows his scepticism of the *bona-fides* of any musician who, whatever his protestations may

be, does not in his heart of hearts feel a decided pleasure when his songs are placed in the repertoire of that much-maligned instrument.

Mr. Stuart's most successful song, so far, has been undoubtedly "The Soldiers of the Queen," which became so popular at the time of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, and has since been played by every military band in the world. It was originally written as a satire on that type of Englishman who always means to show the other Powers what we can do by the might of the Empire, but who, whenever there is any fighting to be done, always stays at home and reads about it in the papers. In the days of Mr. Kruger's régime before the War, it was his custom to drive through Pretoria on a certain day every year. The melody had reached South Africa in the ordinary course of its popular progress, and on one of these occasions it was actually played by Mr. Kruger's band as he drove through the town, but neither "Oom Paul" nor the band knew of the association of the melody with the words of the famous song which ultimately was a potent means of drawing thousands of recruits to the Army to oust him from his position. It need hardly be said that the English residents in the town were immensely amused at the idea of "Oom Paul's" band escorting him to the tune of "The Soldiers of the Queen."



MR. LESLIE STUART COMPOSING A COON SONG
(WHILE WE WAITED).

Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."

“ THE SKETCH ” PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

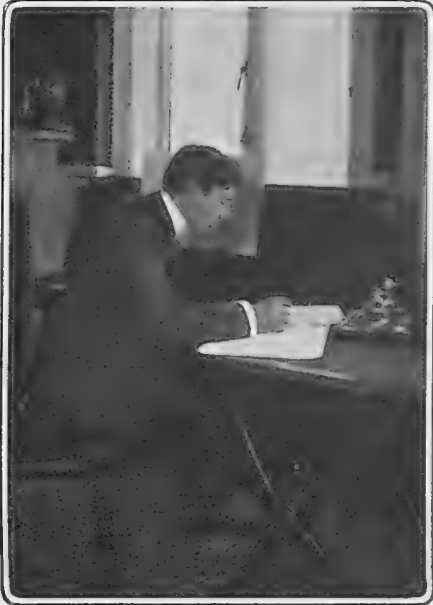
XLII.—MR. LESLIE STUART.



“ WELCOME TO ‘ THE PRIORY. ’ WE ARE MRS. STUART, ‘ LITTLE DOLLY DAYDREAM, ’ AND MYSELF. ”



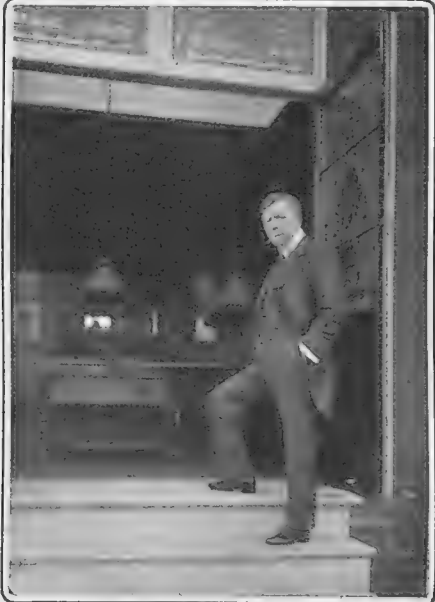
“ I WILL JUST SEE THAT THE OLD ELECTROPHONE IS IN ORDER— ”



“ —AND THEN START THE PERFORMANCE. I COMPOSE HERE. ”



“ AND HAVE A PIANO HANDY IN CASE I WANT TO TRY SOMETHING OVER. ”



“ WHEN THINGS WON’T COME OUT RIGHT, I GO INTO THE BILLIARD-ROOM— ”



“ —AND PLAY SOME TWIDDLEY BITS. ”



“ OR, IF IN POETIC MOOD, TALK SWEETLY TO THE JAPANESE DWARF-TREES. ”



“ FAILING EVERYTHING ELSE, I COOL MY FEVERISH BROW IN THE OLD FOUNTAIN. ”



“ NOW, WITH YOUR PERMISSION, I WILL RETURN TO MY FAMILY. THEY CAN’T SPARE ME A MOMENT LONGER. ”

FRESH LEAVES FROM A MOORISH GARDEN.

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

Illustrated by R. Forrest.

IV.—BEYOND THE TOWN.

WE rode out beyond the city's gates, over the hill girt with villas, and past gardens to which March had brought all the flowers our August knows. On the meadows the iris flamed in bright patches; on arable land the native worked his light plough drawn by the tiny oxen of the hills. Swallows and larks, with birds of brighter

plumage, were upon the wing on every side; high up in air the Father of the Red Bill, the Stork, moved in majestic love-flight in full view of the Saints' shrine where his lady-love sat watching him. Very soon the attractions of the air were too strong for her; she could not be coy any longer; she was by her lover's side, and together they went through some of the most wonderful evolutions it has ever been my good fortune to witness.

Past the fields where the iris flowered and the natives tended the land with their primitive implements, we found the village, a collection of low, thatched huts with *tapia* walls, the whole settle-

ment surrounded by a zariba of prickly-pear and cactus. A dozen dogs howled against us, twice a dozen little children peeped out from corners of house or hedge, but no adult was to be seen. All who could work were in the fields.

We rode on steadily, our horses' heads turned towards the south. Herds of goats and kids were met now and again, generally in the charge of a small child who took them to pasture at daylight and brought them back to the shelter of the zariba at the close of day. To leave them at large would be to invite the attacks of the foxes, to whom the kids are very pleasant eating. In the full blaze of the African sun, El Lebaz, the hawk, hung motionless, and then pounced down upon an unfortunate bird or little snake or young rabbit that had ventured unwisely into some open place. Women and young girls came from the hillsides, bent almost double under the weight of wood they carried bound to their backs. They had collected it on the hillsides and were bringing in their burden with painful effort to the village. Here and there one saw the smoke of a charcoal-burner's fire, and every mile brought its shrine of a saint whose name and deeds were forgotten even in the nearest village.

Here, a border of stones marked the place where some Moor had taken certain of the common lands under his fostering care. Bushes and undergrowth had been cleared, the land cleaned and ploughed, oranges, figs, grapes, and water-melons planted. With such a soil and sun, there could be no doubt about the result of the enterprise. Summer would see a harvest that, even at the low prices the markets yielded, would bring a fair store of silver dollars for the farmer—or his Basha. Great store of grain would

ripen in the fertile fields, and, if all went well, might be garnered in the season of its ripeness, cut by the sickle, as in the days when Boaz found Ruth among the gleaners in his fields. If it happened that the Basha or the big Kaid of the province was short of labour, he would command all the country-folk to attend to his fields and leave their own. Yet the natives would not be unduly cast-down, knowing, as they do, that harvest and Kaid and all the other things of this world belong to Allah, who disposed of the corn before it showed its first thin green blade above the ground, and bound the fate of the Kaid about his neck.

We reached a larger village than any we had passed. A little river ran at the foot of the hill, a river with marshy places here and there where I heard the bull-frogs singing their weird song and saw the snipe enjoying their zigzag flight. It was quite a big village, the zariba was very thick, the dogs very angry, and the surrounding fields showed large crops of beans and corn. Just outside the zariba was a big mound, and on the top a wooden hut with a bench in front. By the bench stood a very old Moor; his furrowed face, long white beard, shrivelled limbs, and tottering gait were those of a man well stricken in years.

Closely examined, the mound was clearly an artificial one; it was, indeed, the storehouse and treasure-chest of the village. Deep in the ground, in clay-lined compartments, all the grain that had not been needed for food, seed, or market had been stored, and doubtless there was treasure of dollars as well—the big Moorish or Spanish dollars for which a man takes his life in his hand. Over all these treasures, liable to be raided at any hour of every day throughout the year, this palsied veteran was set as guard. The men of his village would be working some miles away, the women, or most of them, by their masters' side; it would be no sinecure, this post of keeper of the village treasury, but the guardian seemed to be in no trouble on that account. The light was passing behind the hills; it was the hour of evening prayer; the old man was arranging a piece of carpet, preparatory to turning eastwards to testify to the Unity of Allah and the integrity of his prophet. A strange scene, rich with the beauty of a pastoral life far beyond the reach of Western civilisation.

Past the village, we met men and women returning from the land, many of them bearing wood. The flocks and herds were coming in, too, in picturesque procession. On the last house-top two storks stood, each on one leg, surveying the panorama with grave approval.

S. L. BENSUSAN.



A VERY OLD MOOR.



AND A VERY YOUNG ONE.

TWO COUNTRY STUDIES FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



IN THE SILENT WOODS.—ERNEST PARTON.



THE POOL.—ARNESBY BROWN, A.R.A.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

IT is stated that there is to be a biography of the late Dean Farrar. Dean Farrar's life as a schoolmaster rather fell into the background, but it was eventful and important. His lectures on Public School Reform, delivered at the Royal Institution in 1867-68, are a strong condemnation of classical learning, and especially of "the far-fetched, costly, and sickly exotic of versification in a dead language." During the five years when Farrar was Head-master of Marlborough he toiled terribly. Invitations to preach in the Abbey or at other schools were generally declined, and his literary labours practically ceased. Though his "Life of Christ" was published while he was at Marlborough, the bulk of the work had been done before he came there; and what remained was done in the holidays. For "Smith's Dictionary of the Bible" he wrote the article "Deluge," but his views were too advanced for the editor, who returned the article to be toned down, referring his readers to "Flood"; but the emended "Flood" failed to satisfy the standard of orthodoxy, and "Noah"—to which the reader is again referred—was written by an orthodox Bishop. Farrar was quite aware when he published his book on "Eternal Hope" that he was destroying his chances of a Bishopric.

There is a clever sketch of Dean Farrar as Head-master in the *Cornhill*. The writer describes him as, at first sight, all stateliness and austerity in manner, but, in reality, excessively sensitive, candid, and kind. His stateliness brought his blunders into unfair relief, but his good heart atoned. At a certain history lesson, after the whole form had failed to answer some trifling question, Farrar fairly flung the reins down and broke into the following oration: "My dear boys, I am profoundly discouraged! For fifteen years of my life I have been letting down a bucket into an empty well and drawing it up again! For fifteen years of my life I have been pouring out water upon the arid sand!" One boy went to Farrar and showed him that he, Farrar, had acted unreasonably. Afterwards, Farrar admitted that he had been hasty and had made a mountain out of a mole-hill. Thus the incident closed and was not repeated. The paper will confirm the impression of those who knew Farrar in his later years—in his case the ordinary trials of life were enormously aggravated by his painful sensitiveness.

The anonymous serial story in the *Monthly Review* entitled "The Veil of the Temple" is sure to attract attention. It is written either by Mr. Mallock or by someone of superior gifts who has imitated him. We have had nothing so good from Mr. Mallock's pen since the days of "The New Republic." In the last instalment of the story the writer has the audacity to include four sermons—one by a Bishop who settles scientific doubts in a very summary fashion, another by an

Evangelical, a third by a Broad Churchman, and a fourth by a member of the Confraternity of the Seven Sacraments. Very few writers could render such matter interesting, and in most hands it would be simply coarse and dull. Here one finds really brilliant parody, and, perhaps, something more than parody.

The *Monthly Review* contains also a very good paper on Bacon and Shakspeare, by Mr. A. R. Atkinson, whose views are sound. Mr. Atkinson argues that the author of the *Essay on Love* and the husband of the alderman's wealthy daughter could never have given to the world Ophelia, Imogen, Rosalind, Cordelia, Juliet, Perdita. Another contributor, in discussing the vexed question of the Sonnets, boldly

takes the bull by the horns, and declares that there is not a trace in the Sonnets of the darker forms of vice. Hallam and many others have been compelled to think differently. But the weight of authority is, happily, on the other side.

One of the most sensational of recent magazine articles is "The End of the World," by Professor Newcomb, of Johns Hopkins University. Professor Newcomb is an astronomer of the first rank, and predicts on scientific principles. His theory is that the world will end by a dark body falling into the sun, bursting its outer envelope, and setting free the enormous fires pent up within, which will burst forth in all their fury. Dark bodies, many times larger than the earth, are flying through space like the stars themselves. Should one of them fall into the sun, its light and heat will be suddenly increased thousands of times, and the flood of heat will destroy all the works of man and every living thing that exists upon the earth. The conclusion is: "Such is the course of evolution. The sun, which for millions of years gave light and heat to our system and supported life on the earth, was about to sink into exhaustion and become a cold and inert mass.

Its energy could not be revived, except by such a catastrophe as has occurred. The sun is restored to what it was before there was any earth upon which it could shed its rays, and will in time be ready to run its course anew. In order that a race may be renewed, it must die, like an individual. Untold ages must once more elapse while life is reappearing on earth and developing in higher forms. But to the Power which directs and controls the whole process the ages of humanity are but as days, and it will await in sublime patience the evolution of a new earth and a new order of animated nature, perhaps as far superior to that we have witnessed as ours was to that which preceded it."

President Roosevelt's books now run to fourteen, and there is said to be a continuous and growing demand for them in America. They are being published in a special and limited edition. o. o.



WITH APOLOGIES.

HIGH O'ER THE FENCE SAILS LANGUID TIM:
PLEASE NOTE THE FORCE THAT RAISES HIM.

Drawn by Frank Gillett.

SIX NEW BOOKS.

"THE DUKE DECIDES."

By HEADON HILL.
(Cassell. 6s.)

The cause of the Duke's decision and its result, as set forth in Mr. Headon Hill's novel, are evidently designed to entertain what may be fitly termed the provincial-minded fiction-reader. As the maker of plays destined for tour rather than for town wilfully embodies in his productions all the stock figures of the stage for the delectation of his comparatively uncritical audience, so Mr. Headon Hill embodies in his story many, if not all, of the stock figures of fiction. The puppets are, of course, tricked out anew, re-named, and given a fresh coat of paint; but neither new dress, new name, nor new complexion serves to veil their identities. The young man, of dissipated past, who makes an awkward bargain, and then, for one reason or another, seeks to back out of it, is, of a certainty, no longer in his first youth; the Lecoq or Sherlock Holmes in embryo, represented in this case by a gallant General who has gained experience by his efforts to suppress Thuggee and Dacoity, has played his part many times before; and the same must be said of practically the whole of the other characters—even the ingenious, and painfully ingenuous, Mrs. Talmage Eglinton, the fashionable woman-about-town, who, under the protection afforded by male attire, a snowy beard, the inevitable blue spectacles, and purple-painted cheeks, Moriarty-like, heads a gang of dangerous criminals, has her counterpart: in a slightly different guise, is she not even now flaunting it behind the footlights of London's "home of melodrama," doing her level best to demonstrate that for sheer wickedness the Metropolis cannot show her equal? Having decided upon his public, Mr. Headon Hill has, doubtless wisely, followed tradition. Incident succeeds incident with commendable regularity, and complication complication; a sufficient thread of mystery runs through the whole story; the hero is continually in and out of scrapes; the long arm of coincidence is stretched to the full; and, most important of all, a "happy-ending" is provided: the somewhat soiled virtue of the hero is triumphant, and the adventuress is duly stabbed to the heart. What more can be desired?

"A WOMAN IN THE CITY."

By HELEN BAYLISS.
(John Long. 6s.)

"Behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner." This quotation, which figures on the title-page of Helen Bayliss's novel, gives more than a hint of the character of the story. It is the tale of a beautiful and popular actress who leaves the stage and becomes the mistress of a handsome man of wealth, madly in love with but unable to wed her because he has already contracted an alliance with a woman he now detests. Flora Brabazon, the actress, an avowed free-thinker, and averse to being irrevocably tied to any man, has only one regret, the illegitimacy of her lovely little boy, of whom she is passionately fond. However, she is awakened to a keen perception of her true character and position by a marvellous picture of the Magdalene bearing the title of "A Woman in the City," the painter of which, a religious enthusiast, acquires so great an influence over her that she resolves to leave her lover and lead a new life. This results in a treble tragedy which need not be detailed, and the one-time popular actress and toast of the town eventually devotes her wealth to the building of a magnificent Church of the Magdalene with the marvellous picture as a reredos, and, as an appendage, a sort of convent in which she and other erring women may find quiet and retirement. The book is well written and the characters generally talk and behave like real human beings; for the rest, one can hardly better the publisher's description: it is, without doubt, "an original novel of pathos and power."

"CATHERINE STERLING."

By NORMA LORIMER.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

At the outset, "Catherine Sterling" seems to promise an ethical problem which, put in the baldest form, might be read, "Is a woman justified in becoming the mistress of a man whose wife is mad?" This breach of convention (or the moral law) Catherine commits. Left orphaned and penniless in Japan, she, though not greatly in love, surrenders herself to John Paston, who lives very much as the natives do, in a paper house. We are laboriously told that Catherine is still unsullied, that her mind has suffered no taint, and for all this we are devoutly thankful, since no one could have wished Catherine to be anything but happy. But Paston dies suddenly, and Catherine as suddenly inherits a fortune. See her, then, returned to England and plunged into the whirl of a London Season. Inevitably, her innocent past begins to worry her, and a certain Hugh Dowling, who has discovered the secret of her Japanese life and who loves her devotedly, proves his devotion by terrorising the lady of his love. She, alas, has now lost her heart to a cold-blooded prig who begs her of her purity to befriend a *protégée* of his who has been *chère amie* to a man whose wife was a hopeless drunkard.

The irony of the parallel situation is too fine to be missed. By this time the ethical question has vanished and the story has become mere haphazard. So the prig marries the erring *protégée*, and Catherine, apparently not at all out of pique, but from sheer passion, falls into holy matrimony with her tormentor, Dowling. Other characters there are, but, with the exception of Joan Gardner, they are inconsiderable, and Joan, like the rest, is a rather bad specimen. Such erotic nonsense is unworthy of the hand that gave us the capital comedy of "Josiah's Wife."

"BENEATH THE VEIL."

By ADELINE SERGEANT.
(John Long. 6s.)

Miss Adeline Sergeant's work, though evidently produced somewhat hurriedly, has always about it a certain distinction of thought and of style. This is what distinguishes many of her stories from the ordinary sensational novel obviously produced to supply the fiction-hunger of modern days. "Beneath the Veil," though it is likely to owe its popularity to the fact that it contains the usual ingredients, love and sensation, is a carefully and shrewdly composed study of two sisters, of whom one, Magda, a singer by profession, is a heartless and unscrupulous woman. Miss Sergeant has evidently taken much pains with this character, and she has succeeded in making her "villainess," as Thackeray was fond of styling this type of character, quite sufficiently convincing. In sharp contrast to Magda is the *ingénue*, Valentine. It may be doubted whether two sisters were ever quite so utterly unlike, not only in character and disposition, but in those outward peculiarities with which education has so much to do, as are the two sisters described. But it is one of the accepted conventionalities of fiction that members of the same family differ far more widely than they could possibly do in real life—that is, always supposing that their upbringing and general surroundings have been the same and that they have not had time to become moulded by life. There is real humour and observation in the sketch of the wayward Jane, whose acceptance of the proposal made her by the Rev. Cyril Harknesse in the library of a vicarage, which plays a certain part in the story, is a piece of excellent comedy. To our thinking, this chapter is more attractive than the lurid passages which follow, and in which a Borgia-poisoned ring plays an important part in disposing of the unhappy "villainess" and in thwarting her wicked schemes. It is scarcely necessary to say that the story closes, as the writer declares it must needs close, in the old-fashioned way—to the sound of marriage-bells.

"CASTLE OMERAGH."

By F. FRANKFORT MOORE.
(Constable. 6s.)

This is a story of incident. On almost every page the hero does something, and, thanks to Mr. Frankfort Moore's cleverness in the art of spinning a yarn, the adventures set forth in the chapters of "Castle Omeragh" are always interesting. "Oliver Cromwell, with his hands still reeking with the blood of the King, had brought his army to our dear Irish land, and there had come to us the rumour of a hideous massacre in the town of Drogheda, but we could get no tidings of my brother Harry, who had, during my absence in America, gone northward from our Clare Castle to help in the defence of that unhappy town before its fall." There, in a nutshell, we have the period and situation. Now for the love-interest. "If Kathleen did not love me, there was no way by which I could have made sure of her; but if she did love me—the thought was a wild one—then, indeed, I would be sure of her, whether or not my splendid brother was by her side." For the rest, we get plenty of fighting and love-making, and some good bits of descriptive writing. "The morning had been rainy, as the mornings usually were; but with the noon there came soft sunshine and a gentle breeze blowing to us such scents of the sea as filled my heart with memories innumerable."

"TRENT'S TRUST."

By BRET HARTE.
(Nash. 6s.)

This volume, announced in the publisher's advertisements as Bret Harte's "last book," is made up of seven short stories, of which the longest is the one that furnishes the title for the volume. "Randolph Trent stepped from the Stockton boat on the San Francisco wharf, penniless, friendless, and unknown." So, gloomily enough, the tale begins. From that moment, however, Fortuna devotes so much kindly attention to the young gentleman that he eventually marries an heiress and settles down with his beautiful bride in a fine old English mansion replete with every luxury. The story, of course, is frankly romantic, but it is told with a good deal of ingenuity. Of the other tales, the one that is likely to find most favour with the general reader is "Prosper's 'Old Mother,'" as being more nearly in the style of the immortal "Luck of Roaring Camp."



LEARNING AND LAUGHTER.

DRAWN BY TOM BROWNE.

LONDON STREET STUDIES.

BY EDWARD KING.



XII.—"THE WASTERS."

NEWSPAPER HEADINGS.

AS INTERPRETED BY JOHN HASSALL.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE DISCOVERY.

By L. PARRY TRUSCOTT.



He had given her all the love his heart contained, all the idolising worship of which he was peculiarly capable. He would have

declared that he had never felt very hopeful of gaining her, knowing her too well, but he had desired to do so with an intensity which had often burnt up his fears for the time, at any rate, so that he had lived whole days in blissful contemplation of the improvable, had gone whole months with eyes shut to the inevitable, the fast approaching. Thus the news of her engagement to his employer found him almost unprepared, after all, and for a time those who cared for him watched him anxiously, since it seemed so likely that the blow was greater than he could bear.

They were friends, Michael Richards and the man for whom he worked, the man she married, and they had been much together in her company. There were those who said she had chosen the employer rather than the employed just because he was the richer man—just because an assured position, a fine house, appealed to all that was strongest in her—but that her heart, what there was of it, would have led her to a different choice, if she had allowed her heart and not her head to dictate to her. She had the pretty, childish ways that so often drape a nature inherently selfish, and it was notable that those who knew her best, as a rule, judged her most severely.

But Michael was not among her detractors. He made his trust in Heaven conditional on his wholly trusting the woman he loved to do no wrong, and, by a sublime disregard of common-sense, he kept his faith in Heaven, conjointly with his faith in Mary, in spite of all the bitterness of spirit he passed through. Some wondered how he did it, and others why he thought it a necessary thing to do, for men have loved the faulty tenderly and well, and Heaven's seal is set upon such tolerance. Yet it helped him; undeniably it strengthened him. For, so it was said again, in his nature was this one streak of idealism, needing an outlet all the more, perhaps, because the rest of the man was sternly set in an iron mould; because, except that he turned involuntarily aside, as it were, to love Mary, love was hardly allowed for in his plan of life.

Work was his passion, the idol to which he offered ever-willing sacrifice, and when he at last lost hope of Mary it became his all. He worked now unremittingly, to tire himself, to woo forgetfulness, as well as for sheer love of hard labour. It was nothing to him that his unceasing energy was expended on his rival's business, that his life was given to help a man to further riches who had already robbed him of his one ewe-lamb. He had to work, not with any definite end in view, but for work's sake—and because there was nothing else left to him to do.

And, quite in the ordinary course of things, his alert, inventive brain hit on a means of superseding the business to which he was devoting himself so entirely.

He was always striving to do things, or to get them done, in the best possible manner. Incidentally, with the least expense, the smallest waste of labour, in the shortest time, but, before and beyond all things, he had set excellence as his goal. Mary's husband was a manufacturer of the bands used in machinery. Mary's old lover, while giving his thoughts as undividedly as the memory of her would let him, and all his time, to the turning out of these bands in the greatest perfection

and number, was suddenly arrested by an idea which made their use no longer necessary. It was a simple and clever invention; so obviously better, cheaper, and more expedient than the old-fashioned bands that it seemed wonderful to its discoverer that no one had thought of it before. He tested it in his usual thorough-going fashion, making absolutely sure he was not mistaken in his own estimate of the importance of the change he was about to bring in, the making of machinery, and then he set as energetically to work to turn his invention to account. It was nothing to him that in doing so he must sweep aside a prosperous business, must inevitably ruin Mary's husband, the very man he had been helping on to wealth.

He would be giving a touch of finish, of completeness, to the method in which the world's work is accomplished. He hoped to do still more for it before he was done, but here was, at least, something definite to begin with. Since he might not have Mary—a wife to cherish and protect—he had extended his protection over the great, whirling world of machinery. He promised himself the pleasure of setting thousands of machines going in an easier, more nearly perfect manner, as a lover promises himself to perfect his Lady's charms with ropes of pearls.

When his employer and former friend came to him, remonstrating, agitated, he found him utterly immovable. Mary's husband offered him the largest sum at his command for the suppression of the discovery; but money was nothing to him, his discovery was everything, and he was not to be bribed. He was offered a partnership in the business and its entire management (that, indeed, he had already, except in acknowledgment) in return for his silence alone, but, although he had liked the work well enough while he believed it served good ends, was indispensable, he had no interest whatever in it as a mere means of livelihood.

Then, as a last resource, Mary's husband tried taunts. Michael had done this thing out of spite; had deliberately planned to ruin his rival and his lost love, and the devil had helped him in the execution of his foul design! This moved him most, but he knew it to be as false as it was ingenious, and he only momentarily wavered under its sting. So, having vainly spent his last word, Mary's husband left him. The man was facing ruin, and if he left with curses on his lips he was not without excuse.

For he was not clever; was possessed of something less than the average aptitude for business. He had inherited all he possessed, and he had no practical knowledge of the work. He had always depended on Michael, and, now that Michael had failed him, he was utterly at sea as to what to do next. The discoverer knew that, of course, but he was not prepared to set the welfare of one man before the welfare of thousands of machines—that was all it meant to him, all he thought of it. His manner of mind was one somewhat rare in our Western world. He rated the value of the individual's life so low that he was obliged to leave out of count altogether the individual's comfort. He looked to the prosperity of nations—a prospect never conducive to sentiment. Yet, as has been shown, he had the one weak spot in his armour, only Mary's husband had singularly failed to reach it.

Thus Mary was forced to come to him herself; it was simply because she was Mary that her coming was lightly touched with the theatrical, the bizarre. She was wearing a long, loose cloak, and she paused to fling it off before she spoke, standing before him in a trailing black dress, her beautiful bare neck innocent of ornament, her blue eyes full of pleading, her bare white arms extended imploringly.

"Michael, you cannot mean it—you cannot!" she said.

"Why not—Mary?" he asked. He, at any rate, remembered that they addressed each other by their Christian names for the first time.

"We should be penniless, Michael, Frank and I! What could

Frank do? What has he ever done? You cannot mean to leave us penniless. What will your riches be worth to you when you think of our poverty?"

"I am not considering the making of money at all," he said, but she did not appear to heed him.

"You have full control of the business now; as partner, you might make it anything. You have such a head for it—understand it all so. I believe you would be a richer man like that than by following up your discovery—"

"Oh, very likely!" he interrupted.

"Then why do you want to ruin us—with no gain to yourself?"

"But a gain to the working of machinery is an immense gain to me," he explained, with patient ineffectualness.

"You could get rich without," she persisted.

"I am fairly certain to acquire riches anyhow," he said. "I have a mania for work that is sure to bring them in its train, but I have no personal predilection that way. I have no particular use for money, as—as you see." He looked round his bare, comfortless room, her eyes following his. The room spoke sufficiently for itself and for him.

She turned from her survey impatiently. "I cannot understand!" she exclaimed. "It seems such madness—so trivial! A machine worked one way is as good as a machine worked another—so long as it works."

"They'd work much better my way," he said, smiling faintly, "and at much less expense."

"Then you do care for money?"

"Not spending, but saving it."

"But what for? Who for?"

"Well, the world at large, I suppose."

"And we can starve! Your friends can starve! While you save for a world that does not want it, that won't feel it, we can starve!"

She saw his face whiten; saw him wince.

"You shan't do that, Mary."

"Oh," she cried, "you will give us in charity with one hand what

you have stolen from us with the other! That is worthy of you, good of you indeed!"

But although she seemed carried away, she was still watching him eagerly, and she saw his look hardening again, saw the harm she was doing.

She came nearer to him, touched his arm.

"Michael, you used to love me," she said.

For a moment he looked at her—waited as though he would choke the words in his throat, yet failed to do so.

"Heaven forgive me, I love you still!" he cried.

"Michael," she whispered, "I need Heaven's forgiveness more—and yours. All the while I loved you best—you only."

"Then, why—? Mary, it isn't true!"

"It is true—I swear it! But—oh, you will never forgive me! I thought you would always be poor; though I loved you, I did not understand you, did not see what you were capable of, and I couldn't face poverty then—I—I cannot now!"

"How you have spoilt my life!" he said.

"And needlessly!" she cried. "Oh, but you have your revenge to hand!" A sudden tempest of grief seized her. "Take it! Take it! Perhaps, after all, I shall feel better then. The fat years have been hard enough to live through."

"I shall not take it," he said. "What you wrecked our lives for, that, at least, you shall have. I will not soil my hands with a mean revenge. The world will never be the better for my discovery. I will give it to you—to keep hidden." He paused, to go on again, quickly. "Mary, I thought you perfect!" he cried. "I have loved you all this time just because I thought you perfect. I have made another discovery to-night: You are not perfect, and your weakness has the largest claim of all on my heart. I give up my ambition to your weakness, dear."

He sank into a chair. "Now go," he said; "for God's sake, go!"

And with one swift look at him, with drooping head, with all her pretty airs forgotten, Mary went.



I mind the day we parted by the lough,
The curlews whistled low and sweet,
The laughin' wathers runnin' to the shore
Broke ripplin' where the alders meet.

List, lad, list! Can ye hear them callin',
The laughing wathers in the windin' glen?
Here, love, here, the silver rain is fallin',
The curlew whistles oft as then.

I mind the day we wandered to the Head—
The sea lay dimplin' 'neath a sapphire sky—
An' looked away, away, toward the West,
Wherein St. Brendan's holy islands lie.

List, love, list! Can ye hear them wailin',
The say-gulls flyin' o'er the tossin' foam?
Here, lad, here, I watch the boats a-sailin',
An' whiles I dream thee comin' home.

I heeded the time we climbed the brae-side,
The Fairy Thorn was white as snow—
Do ye mind the kiss ye stole then?—
While harebells softly chimed all low.

Hark, dear, hark! Do ye hear them singin',
The golden-throated summer thrushes?
Here, love, here, all aroun' me springin',
The green an' slender mountain rushes.

An' now I spin me weary wheel aroun',
An' ever mind the day that's yet to be,
While winds o' night go whisperin' down the glen
To guide the ship that brings him home to me.

Shine, stars, shine! The time is by for sadness,
Me heart is waitin' for the dawnin'.
Rise, sun, rise, an' flood the world with gladness,
Me love is comin' in the mornin'.

L. O'SHEA.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MR. TREE proposes to produce Mr. Claude Lowther's piece—formerly called "The Friend," but since re-named "The Gordian Knot"—at His Majesty's this day week. He will therefore finish the present run of "Resurrection" next Saturday night. In "The Gordian Knot," Mr. Robert Taber and Miss Olga Nethersole

will return to His Majesty's, and Mr. Gilbert Hare will make his first appearance there. Mr. Taber, of course, appeared there as late as "The Eternal City," but Miss Nethersole has not been seen at Mr. Tree's theatre since her own production of Messrs. Louis Napoleon Parker and Murray Carson's mediæval play "The Termagant."

My prognostication—that Messrs. Greet and Engelbach would doubtless, ere long, have to shut up the Savoy by reason of all the rebuilding and re-strengthening close at hand, will come to pass next Saturday. The Savoy will then close "until further notice," and the present Company will at once start



THE LATE F. H. MACKLIN.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

touring with "A Princess of Kensington." Mr. Greet has informed me that when the Savoy pilgrims return to town he may have to put them into his (and Mr. Engelbach's) neighbouring theatre, the Adelphi.

Next Saturday we are, I understand, really to see the production of "In Dahomey," at the Shaftesbury, when all sorts of "coloured" coons will start showing our "white folks" how to act, sing, dance, and so forth.

If arrangements which remained settled up to the moment of going to press should still hold good, Sir Charles Wyndham will, by this (Wednesday) morning, be reading the "notices" of his latest production at the theatre which is named after him. This play has

been written by Mr. H. H. Davis (late of America), and is entitled "Mrs. Gorrings's Necklace." The scene is laid in a certain garrison town. Sir Charles is supported principally by Miss Mary Moore, Miss Marie Illington, and Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis.

Miss Ellen Terry will withdraw Ibsen's early drama, "The Vikings," from the Imperial in a night or two, and will, next Tuesday evening, revive there "Much Ado About Nothing," with, of course, herself as Beatrice (one of her greatest Shaksperian impersonations) and with Mr. Oscar Asche as that brilliant bachelor, Benedick.

Some time ago, I predicted that Mr. Lewis Waller might, in the fulness of time, become the lessee of the Imperial for a while. I now learn that it is more than likely that, after Miss Ellen Terry finishes her four months' tenancy thereof and goes on her provincial and American tour, Mr. Waller will start a long lease of that beautiful house of Mrs. Langtry's.

Mr. Wilson Barrett tells me that he will presently produce another new play from his own pen. This is entitled "Sock and Buskin." Mr. Barrett seems especially hopeful of this play, inasmuch as it contains thirteen letters for its name and thirteen characters to act it. As this hopefulness of Mr. Barrett's may horrify some superstitious *Sketch* readers, I may as well mention that this able all-round actor-author regards thirteen as his lucky number!

"Hearts and Coronets" is the name of a new three-Act comedy by Mr. W. F. Downey, to be produced by Mr. C. Aubrey Smith's Company at the Grand Theatre, Fulham, next Monday, the 18th inst. It will be preceded by a specially made adaptation of one of the chief narratives in Sir Gilbert Parker's "Pierre and his People."

Some time ago, it was thought that Mr. H. V. Esmond's new play, with Mr. Pinero's old title, "Imprudence," would be chosen by Mr. Charles Frohman to succeed Mr. J. M. Barrie's delightful satire, "The Admirable Crichton," at the Duke of York's. From information received, however, it now seems likely that Mr. Frohman will produce Mr. Esmond's latest play (already successfully tried in America) at the Criterion. With regard to "The Admirable Crichton," Mr. Frohman says that he has just arranged that Mr. William Gillette shall play Mr. H. B. Irving's character in this when the piece is, anon, produced in America. I have already stated that Mr. Pinero is writing a play for Mr. Frohman to produce in due course at the Duke of York's.

Mr. F. H. Macklin, whose recent death caused so much sorrow in theatrical and play-going circles, had not latterly been much before the public, though in the past he had filled a number of important rôles. He was a sterling actor in his day, and his memorable performance as the treacherous Sohemus in Mr. Stephen Phillips's "Herod," at His Majesty's, will be fresh in the memory of theatre-goers. At his funeral, on Thursday of last week, a large number of his old friends attended, many Freemasons being among them. The service was conducted by the Rev. Herbert W. Macklin, a nephew of the departed actor, and numerous beautiful floral emblems were sent to be placed on the grave.



"THE M.I.'S" (MOUNTED INFANTRY), A MUSICAL CURTAIN-RAISER AT THE HAYMARKET.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

KEY-NOTES

SIR HUBERT PARRY'S new Symphonic Ode, "War and Peace," was given for the first time, under the composer's own direction, last week at the Albert Hall by the Royal Choral Society. The libretto, which is also by the writer of the music, is a piece of work which has a real meaning. It is well written and with a dramatic feeling running through the whole of it. There is a Prologue—such a preface is naturally a definite beginning!—a War Song, followed by a section entitled "Recompense," after which come "Comradeship," "The Dirge," "Home-Coming," "Peace," "Home," a "Marching Song of Peace," and "Aspiration," all of which are extremely dignified, though they do not rise to any very great genius.

The music is, on the whole, exceedingly good, showing a very distinct personality, though at times the work is somewhat reminiscent of Wagner. The contralto solo immediately following the chorus "Strike now" was exceedingly well sung by Madame Kirkby Lunn. The solo and chorus "Ring the tidings far and wide," in which Miss Agnes Nicholls sang the solo part, we did not consider up to the standard of the rest of Sir Hubert Parry's work, but the beauty of the air "Earth like a weary child" was particularly attractive. The tenor solo "After tumult, rest," must also be especially selected for its real beauty, the end of this particular composition being exceedingly touching. Mr. Andrew Black was, as usual, in splendid voice, and sang with great feeling. Mr. William Green also sang very well. The Chorus was in good form and at the end the work was received with every mark of appreciation and applause. The second part of the programme consisted of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise."

With last Saturday's performance of "Die Götterdämmerung" the first cycle of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" was completed at Covent Garden, and an exceedingly fine performance it was on this occasion; it would almost seem as if to this music-drama Wagner had given all the complexities and beauties of his gigantic brain, though one recognises its musical ideals to belong to a much earlier period than those of the other three sections. The orchestra was in its best form; Richter was at his very best, and in saying so much one says a very great deal, for this conductor assuredly knows how to bring out every instrumental detail in the score under his attention. The playing of the "Träuermarsch" in the last Act was magnificent, though generally and throughout the orchestra was so fine that it was almost impossible to single out any particular section as being greater than the rest. The scenery had been especially painted by Mr. Bruce Smith, Mr. Hawes Craven, and Mr. W. Telbin; it was very beautiful indeed. Special mention must, however, be made of the set by Mr. Hawes Craven, "In Front of Gunther's Dwelling," a combination which harmonised perfectly with the music. In the final Act, the collapse of the Hall was so realistic that it had a most alarming effect upon some of the quite reasonable section of the audience. The only fault to be found was the non-appearance of the Rhine-Maidens at the end of the drama. Herr Kraus, the Siegfried of this particular evening, sang exceedingly well. Frau Leffler Burkard's Brunnhilde was a very fine performance, her singing in the last Act being most effective and touching. Herr Bertram, as Gunther, was good; Herr Oberstötter sang the part of Hagen, while Miss Zimmermann made quite a charming Gutrune. The remainder of the cast included such artists as Madame Kirkby Lunn, Madame Sobrino, Frau Knupfer Egli, and Frau Hertze Deppe.

On Monday we had the first subscription-night of the season, when a performance of "Lohengrin" was given. In many respects this was a very great disappointment; after such very fine performances as we had experienced all the previous week with the "Ring," one looked for something very much better. The expectation was not, however, altogether realised. The Chorus, upon which so much depends in this particular work of Wagner's, was not at its best, at times their departure from tune becoming quite painful. Herr Kraus sang well as Lohengrin, though he cannot be said to come up to one's ideal of the part. Fräulein Bolska as Elsa did not please us; she was not sufficiently convincing, though at times her singing was good. Herr Klöpfer's Heinrich was a very fine performance, as also was that of Fräulein Reul, who sang the rôle of Ortrud. Herr Müller was the Telramund of the evening, and Herr Krasa the Heeruf. Herr Lohse conducted the opera, and thoroughly realised all the beauties of the work which he had undertaken to interpret.

Miss Llewellyn Toms gave a concert at the Bechstein Hall a few evenings ago, at which she was assisted by Mr. Whitney Tew. In her playing of Max Bruch's Concerto in D Minor, Miss Toms showed herself to be a violin-player of very great promise, and in the future we shall look forward to some more or less good achievement from this young lady. She was really quite good in her playing of Kreuz's "Russische Tänze." Mr. Whitney Tew sang four new songs by British composers for the first time. We certainly did not think the setting by Dorothea Hollins of Mr. W. E. Henley's poem, "Out of the Night" sufficiently good. Mr. Henry Bird was the accompanist of the evening, and the concert was in every way an interesting one.—COMMON CHORD.



MR. CHARLES WILLEBY, THE WELL-KNOWN SONG-WRITER.

Photograph by Fred. Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W.

song.' . . . Mr. Henley writes literature that is almost music, and Mr. Willeby writes music that seems almost to possess a literary quality. Mr. Willeby has no part or share in the modern 'ballad'—in a word, he understands the genius of the song."

"Four-Leaf Clover," "The Birds Go North Again," "Summer Rain," "Stolen Wings"—these are not names that have been with us long, but to most of us they are familiar enough. They are songs thoroughly representative of their composer. The two first-named have been published barely a year, yet they have appeared on nearly two thousand concert-programmes, and are being sung daily by artists such as Mesdames Albani, Blauvelt, Marchesi, Ada Crossley, Kirkby Lunn, Agnes Nicholls, David Bispham, the world over. Nothing exactly like them has been given to us before. Their composer had something new to say and knew how to say it. The result has been success all along the line—success artistic and unequivocal. He is quite young, having been born in Paris in the early 'sixties. He studied in England with Dr. Harding and Dr. Sawyer, and in Italy voice-production with Francesco Lamperti.

Of those who watch the progress of things musical in this country, there can be few who have failed to remark the sure and rapid advancement to the first rank of contemporary composers of Charles Willeby. Beginning quite unostentatiously, without heralding of any kind, this young musician has forged ahead until now he stands out conspicuous among his fellows. In the words of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Charles Willeby is a musician who has "contributed to the musical and lyrical thought of to-day a body of work which really belongs to a separately attractive art. He knows, in a word, how to write 'the



Reform in Building—Gordon Bennett Race—Glasgow to London—Lions in the Car.

IT is a remarkable thing that reform in the building of automobile-bodies is so long in coming. I mean to say, the substitution for the form of tonneau, which may be said to hold the field to-day of some other design which can be entered as to both seats from the foot-path. At present the tonneau is gained only from the rear, with the result that ladies have frequently to step out into the muddy road to reach their seats. Now and again, one finds bodies provided with means by which the back-seats can be approached from the front, either in double phaeton or tonneau; but it is generally somewhat clumsily done, by the left half of the front-seat hinging up inwards and making things uncomfortable for the driver, or outwards and overhanging the roadway or the foot-path. I have seen the difficulty overcome most neatly and ingeniously, but only upon some very high-priced carriages shown with Rothschild bodies by the British Automobile Commercial Syndicate, of which the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot is Chairman. Indeed, the type is known as the "Shrewsbury Phaeton," and in this car the left-hand front baquette seat is so hinged forward in the centre that it swings clear round on to the left half of the footboard, never overhangs the wheel-gauge by an inch in its movement, and takes a side-panel door with it, leaving clear access to the back-seat from the foot-path. It is, indeed, very cleverly done.

I have just risen from the perusal of a long, detailed account of the Gordon Bennett course, and do not feel at all happy with respect to it. In discussing the prospects of the great day, Mr. R. J. Mecredy contemplates the massing of huge crowds along the straight stretches of the route, and foreshadows the possibility of the front ranks being thrust forward into the track of the cars by those behind anxious and little able to see. If the roads should happen to be dusty upon the day, the peril to spectators and drivers will be largely increased, and just how best to cope with the danger it is difficult to see. I have no doubt that the Automobile Club will not fail to post the neighbourhood of the whole route with warning notices setting forth the death-risk of pressing on to the roadway in many parts already quite

narrow enough. Then there are the perils of the drivers from the dangerous corners, the worst of which, Mr. Mecredy tells us, is two miles from the Ballyshannon cross-roads. It follows after a long stretch of straight road, is approached by a steep descent, and, while not looking dangerous, turns at an acute angle, with the road-surface shelving the wrong way. I have no space to detail all the bad points, but, from what I gather, they are nearly as dangerous as the one above referred to. It would be a thousand pities if any accident happened.

By the time this journal is in the hands of my readers, the Glasgow and London two days' non-stop trial organised by the Scottish Automobile Club will be in progress. The cars will run from the banks of the Clyde to Leeds on the first, and from Leeds to London on the second day. Quite a large entry has been received, and the makers and importers of the cars that perform the two days' journey successfully will profit largely by the bold advertisement they will thus obtain. The purchasing public undoubtedly follow such common-sense trials as these very carefully, and as, in the old days of the cycle trade, it was found that trade followed the path and road records, so to-day business accrues from success in officially checked non-stop runs.

Where the popularity of the motor is going to end it is hard to imagine, since even those not fortunate enough to own a horseless carriage delight in being photographed seated in one. The very latest to take to the car is the King of Beasts, for at the London Hippodrome Herr Julius Seeth recently persuaded several of his lions to have their pictures taken while mounted on a Daimler, he himself being at the steering-wheel. Messrs. Foulsham and Banfield, *The Sketch* photographers, whose devotion to art would have led them to beard the lions in their cage in order to get a good picture, were much disappointed when Herr Seeth gently but firmly declined to allow them to mingle with the animals. Perhaps it was just as well, since that passion for investigation which, once the novelty had worn off, led the lions to tear off the tyres and generally to play havoc with the vehicle, might have been extended to the camera and its operators, with results painful even to think of.



HERR SEETH'S LIONS, AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME, FOLLOW THE POPULAR CRAZE.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

The Derby—Newmarket—Starting—Long-Distance Races—Gambling Stables.

I AM afraid speculation on the Derby will freeze up until it is known for certain that Vinicius is to run at Epsom. We have nothing trained in England at the present time capable of making Rock Sand gallop. It is said that Flotsam will not be sent to Epsom, and I was not impressed with the running of Rabelais in the Guineas. Lord Wolverton's colt has a will of his own. The King's candidate, Mead, is not fit, and he may do much better in the race for the St. Leger. Some of the Newmarket men fancy Acefull, but I think he is a sprinter, and he is not likely to shine beyond a six-furlong course. William Rufus is what I should term a soft colt—just the one to be avoided on the Derby track. Playbill and Songcraft are John Porter's best now that Greatorex has been turned out of training. I do not think, however, that the Blue Riband will go to Kingsclere this journey. L'Aiglon is off-colour, and at present the Derby looks like being a match between Rock Sand and Vinicius. The French colt is much fancied across the water, and M. Blanc owns some good trying tackle in his stable. He is a good sportsman that many would like to see win our Derby, but I, for one, do not think he has much chance of taking the spoils, with Rock Sand fit and well at the post.

I think there are far too many fixtures at Newmarket, and it is a pity that the Jockey Club do not give the dates to the Park meetings around London. The Turf Senators might institute movable feasts, after the plan adopted by the National Hunt Committee, and patronise Kempton one week, Sandown another, Hurst Park another, Alexandra Park another, with Lingfield and Gatwick to follow. I believe the plan would work well, and the receipts could be pooled and divided something after the plan adopted by the Football Association in the matter of the Cup Final at the Crystal Palace. But let's away to the 'osses. The only item at Newmarket this week needing comment is the Newmarket Stakes. There were no fewer than one hundred and twenty-nine three-year-olds left in the race, but the field will be only a small one. Flotsam may win, and Rabelais ought to run better than he did for the Guineas. The Payne Stakes looks like being won by Sermon, and Merryman has a great chance for the Breeders' Stakes, as he won like a smart colt at Sandown. Flying Footstep is the best public form in the Spring Stakes. The Handicaps must be left to post-speculators, who, by-the-bye, will have some puzzles given them by the Committee of Handicappers.

The days of starting by flag are past. The old custom proved to be flat, stale, and unprofitable, and those critics who are urging the authorities to discard the gate in favour of the flag are hunting a Will-o'-the-Wisp. But something ought to be done to make starting by gate a pronounced success, and my idea is that the actual starting should be under the management of men who have been educated in mechanics. The gate has to be handled with professional skill, and it

would be quite as reasonable to expect a dustman to drive a railway-engine successfully as it would to think that an amateur could engineer successful starts by gate without possessing any knowledge of the make, shape, and condition of the "new-fangled notion." The London County Council are at the present time having their old horse-drivers educated in the handling of electric-cars, and out of this fact arises a good idea for the Stewards of the Jockey Club. Why should not all licensed starters under the Rules of Racing be given "a school" in the art of starting by gate, and be made to satisfy the examiners before being allowed to start in public?

The win of Vendale in the Chester Cup was a creditable one, as the horse ran a stout race from end to end, while many of the best long-

distance performers in England were of the field. It should, however, be added that two or three of the competitors were nothing like fit, and they might be seen to better advantage later on, probably in the race for the Cesarewitch. I do think that every encouragement should be given to long-distance races by owners and lessees, as they are much more entertaining than five-furlong scrambles. Some owners will freely patronise the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot and the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, but will not enter animals for the Great Metropolitan, the Chester Cup, or the Cesarewitch. Many sprinting failures have before now been discovered as long-distance horses, and I suggest that a horse that has consistently failed at five or six furlongs should be given a chance at, say, two

and a-quarter miles. It is a well known fact that a smart five-furlong horse would always hold his own in a hurdle-race of two miles, and many sprinters have won hurdle-races at the very first time of asking, and that, too, without jumping-practice.

The racing public do not need to be told of the gambling stables, but, as an item, it may be stated here that certain stables lay themselves out to win only three or four big races a-year, but they win a pile in the aggregate. The horses are often run in public. They are fat when first started, but they gradually get into condition and get weight off in the handicaps. Then the coup is planned, and it seldom misses fire. Certain trainers patronise the London Park meetings only, because the betting is so good, while others go the country circuit and work the starting-price agents. Of course, it is impossible to say with any certainty when the horses hailing from the stables referred to are going to win, but the plan adopted by the professional backers is worth following. These wily gentlemen always include in their little lots the horses sent from what they term the "smart" stables, with the result that they (the backers) are never badly left. Certain stables are never tired of shouting their "good things" from the house-tops when they are badly placed in handicaps, but their "no chancers" invariably pop up every time.

CAPTAIN COE.



HARRY VARDON.

Harry Vardon, the Open Champion of 1896, 1898, and 1899, who has been playing so finely of late, gained another victory last week, when, in a 36-holes match on the Links of the Royal Eastbourne Club, he defeated J. H. Taylor, another ex-Champion, by 6 holes up and 4 to play.



J. H. TAYLOR.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IF the depressing prognostications of the meteorological prophets can be taken in sad earnest, we shall require for all purposes only the unwelcome mackintosh and the graceless umbrella this summer. A decided foretaste of the dampness to be has been plentifully accorded during the past three weeks, after a similar period of razor-like east winds, so that, altogether, the British weather-fiend is disporting himself in his best and most accustomed holiday manner, and it only remains for us poor women to mournfully admire the fashion-papers and gaze at the latest contents of our wardrobes in very vocal disgust with everything atmospheric.

Meanwhile, the fashions were, of course, never more aggravatingly beguiling than at the present moment. What did it matter, after all, to the mid-Victorian women of white stockings, elastic-side boots, and neatly banded hair whether June and November *chassé-croisé'd* or not? Their bombazines and linsey-woolseys were of more enduring mettle than our painted mousselines and diaphanous crêpes. To us it is a tragedy when weather steps in and waylays our projected triumphs, as it has done on this and other departed seasons. It is only in the evening that one can flaunt fine effects, since sunshine has departed from our midst and we no longer live in "a land where it is *ever* afternoon."

Apropos of evening-frocks, a Viennese dressmaker of the first *chic*, who is temporarily here to outfit a few smart London ladies, tells me that the high-necked dinner-gown is destined to practically oust our classic décolletage, and that shortly. "It is not alone that the high-necked evening-frock is more becoming," vouchsafed this dictatress of modish Vienna, "but ladies have begun to find out that men prefer it." Is this indeed the case? I have since questioned various males on

doing, she sacrifices all the beauty of mystery and much of her own charm. But we are at last awaking to the æsthetic fact of a covered-up condition, and before long the folds and furrows of too much tissue or the bony framework of too little will cease from



[Copyright.]

AN EVENING-GOWN OF LACE AND CHIFFON.

the matter, and they all vote for privacy as opposed to the customary frankness of neck and shoulder which civilisation permits. The Turk, the Indian, and the Arab cover their womenkind to the eyebrows in suggestive disguises. The European or Transatlantic dame exhibits her anatomy unsparingly and leaves little to the imagination. By so



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A SMART TAILOR-MADE COAT-AND-SKIRT.

troubling the sensitive masculine eye across a dinner-table and his blushes be laid to rest.

Descending to detail, the present state and size of sleeves is a matter of much moment. They grow apace from elbow to wrist, and their inconvenience increases proportionately. They dip into gravy, they waylay forks, corkscrews, or other attachable trifles, they upset the wine and perform other unrehearsed effects with great perseverance; yet the sleeve grows unceasingly and increasingly voluminous below as it is restricted above—a reversal with a vengeance of some seasons since, when our shoulders were inflated with pride and puffed out with buckram, while the cuff was narrowed at the wrist to almost vanishing-point.

One sensible innovation of the present, however, that may be held up to approbation is the straight-fronted corset. At its approach, small, squeezed-in waists gradually retired from the arena of fashion, and eight out of ten girls one meets nowadays are obviously corsetted in comfort and ease. For this reform much praise is due to successful effort of the London Corset Company, whose Bond Street premises first exploited the celebrated "Samothrace" and taught the creed of ease and graceful outline in combination. Hygienic principles, moderate cost, excellent material, and exquisite shape are all brought together in the London Corset Company's productions, and she who is stayed therefrom may rest in the pleasant assurance that the utmost is made of her figure. Once, every woman careful of her *ensemble* owned a pet corset-maker, who, for the consideration of three or five guineas, supplied very home-made looking "stays" cut to measure and uncomfortable exceedingly. The advent of experts like the London Corset Company has in a great measure exterminated this species. For not only are their specially

made corsets perfect in colour, but good to look at and to wear as well, while the ready-made specialties of the firm consist of every shape and outline that it is possible for the Eternal Feminine to assume—long, lean, short, stout, slender, and the rest—so that the figure that cannot be fitted by them does not exist.

Tea-parties find their centre and crux at Dover Street so much nowadays that this essentially feminine thoroughfare is variously known as "Petticoat Lane" and "Tiffin Row." Amongst other small excitements, I went to a mild function at the Ladies' Field Club this week, but whether it was the sad-coloured green walls or the sadder green of the liveries or the saddest air of the members, one could not help contrasting the sober present with the cheery past, when "No. 32" first came into prominence as the Empress Club.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

TAX-CART (Cheltenham).—Paquin's millinery is first-rate, of course, and, equally, others less exclusive are less costly. But, if you want genuine Parisian millinery, it is one of the best places in town.

SYBIL.

ROYALTY AND CYCLING.

King Edward is not only an ardent cyclist himself, but strongly approves the following of the pastime by the members of the Royal Family and Household. As long ago as 1896, when Prince of Wales, he ordered his first Beeston Humber tricycle, and since then he has acquired two others of the same pattern but of the free-wheel type, and has had a free-wheel fitted to his older machine. The three are housed at Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle, and Sandringham respectively, so that His Majesty may always have one at hand. The Prince of Wales has also just purchased another Humber bicycle, while Princess Victoria has honoured the firm with a further order. When driving down the Champs-Élysées during his recent stay in Paris, His Majesty's attention was attracted by the establishment of Messrs. Petit et Cie., the Humber Agents, and he directed President Loubet's attention to it. Messrs. Petit's Dépôt was decorated with the British Royal Arms, the Humber Company being holders of the Royal Warrant.

Perhaps the youngest Royal cyclist in Europe is little Princess Victoria of Wales, who attained the ripe age of six on April 25. Among the many presents she received on that occasion was a tiny Rudge-Whitworth bicycle given her by His Majesty. Some three years ago the King gave Prince "Eddy" a similar machine, and since then Princess Victoria has essayed riding her brother's bicycle. Now, however, she has one of her own. Its dimensions are Lilliputian. Only sixteen inches of tube separate the bracket and the seat-pillar. The rims of the wheels, which are twenty inches in diameter, are made of aluminium. The diameter of the tyres is an inch and a-quarter, and the machine is geared to forty-four. On the front of the plain black enamelled frame appears a small "M" in gold. The whole weighs only fifteen pounds. Prince "Eddy" and his sister have not yet been allowed the delights of a free-wheel.



GIFT TO THE OFFICERS' MESS OF THE IRISH GUARDS.

A handsome and appropriate presentation has just been made to the Officers' Mess, Irish Guards, of three fine statuettes, modelled by Hunt and Roskell, silversmiths, New Bond Street. The subjects are Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, Viscount Gough, and Earl Roberts—three famous Irish soldiers. The Duke is represented wearing his "Waterloo" sword (copied by permission of the present Duke); the portrait of Viscount Gough is from the painting by Sir Francis Grant, while that of Earl Roberts is very striking. The bases of the figures are of oppalite from Connemara, with plates in front bearing the names of the subjects, and on the back others engraved "Officers' Mess, Irish Guards. From an Irishman and ex-Guardsman."

The *Evening News* Cricket Annual for 1903 contains all the usual features so much appreciated by lovers of the national game. "Rip's" illustrations are as funny as ever.

THE KAISER IN ROME.

EMPEROR WILLIAM arrived in Rome under most adverse circumstances (writes my Rome Correspondent). The train, which ought to have arrived at ten minutes past four, did not steam into the station until 5.53; the weather was as perfectly un-Hohenzollern-like as any weather could be, and, compared with the arrival of King Edward some days before, the entry into Rome was puny and insignificant. Troops were drawn up in greater numbers, if anything, than for the King's advent, but they did not look their best; the flags and other ornaments which beautified the streets were limp and untidy, and in most of the bunting the different colours had "run," forming ugly streaks and patches not pleasant to behold. There was some cheering as the Kaiser and his sons entered the dripping Royal carriages together with their hosts and the Italian Ministers. Most of this cheering proceeded, however, from the group of shivering journalists, who were standing in a large sort of box specially set aside for their use by the authorities. The Kaiser asked who it was who were cheering, and received as a response the short but significant answer, "I giornalisti!"

Now, if there is any one special class of people whom the German Emperor more heartily detests than any other, it is the class of society called, in the German tongue, "Journalisten." Anyone who has lived for a term of years in Germany, and in Berlin in especial, can readily understand this hate on His Majesty's part for journalists, for is it not they who are responsible for the divulgence to the general public of the weird speeches delivered from time to time by His Majesty?

ON THE TABLE.

"My Kalendar of Country Delights." By Helen Milman. (Lane. 5s.)—This is practically a book of extracts for every day from various authors treating of Nature. The compiler has also written "of flowers and birds, with here and there a thought inspired by my garden."

"Thoroughbreds." By W. A. Fraser. (Heinemann. 6s.)—A sporting novel.

"Nights at the Opera."—Wagner's "Der Ring des Nibelungen," Vols. I. and II.; "Die Meistersinger." By Wakeling Dry. (De la More Press.)—Three neat little books in a cardboard case dealing with the intricacies of these works of Wagner.

"Franczka." By Molly Elliot Seawell. (Grant Richards. 6s.)—A novel of Paris in the days of Voltaire, prettily illustrated.

"Dainty Dames of Society." By W. Wilmott Dixon ("Thornaby"). (Black. Two Volumes. 2s. each.)—A portrait gallery of charming women, including articles on the Kembles, Mrs. Proctor, Clarinda, and the Hon. Mrs. Graham, with portraits and illustrations from rare and famous pictures by Masters of British and French Schools.

"Three Years' War." By Christian Rudolf De Wet. (Constable.)—A well-bound popular edition at the low price of 3s. 6d.

"Rambles in Womanland." By Max O'Rell. (Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.)—A book of the ways of women containing many maxims and aphorisms written in the author's well-known vivacious style.

"Things About Our Neighbourhood." By Menie Muriel Dowie. (Grant Richards. 6s.)—A book of the country written from the point of view of a country girl, "Ermyngard."

"Seventeen Trips through Somaliland and a Visit to Abyssinia." By Major H. G. C. Swayne, R.E. (Rowland Ward. 7s. 6d.)—This third edition, containing, as it does, a supplementary Preface on the Mad Mullah's risings, will naturally be of great interest at the present time.

"No Hero." By E. W. Hornung. (Smith, Elder. 3s. 6d.)—A novel.

The names of the various brands of whisky that are now on the market are evidently thought to have a good deal to do with their popularity. It is clear that good names go a long way, and much ingenuity is expended upon finding them. "N.S.S." is short, easily remembered, and not to be confused with any other. Nor is the whisky to which Messrs. J. and W. Nicholson and Co., Limited, have given this name one to forget when once it has been tasted. It has a fine, mellow flavour of maturity, and will suit the taste of anyone who has a particular palate.

"Antipon," the new preparation for the cure of corpulence, is not merely a temporary fat-reducer; it goes to the root of the complaint, absorbs the dangerous internal fatty matter that impedes the natural action of the vital organs, and reduces the subcutaneous fat to normality, not only in the abdominal region, but over the whole of the surface of the body. "Antipon," moreover, has a special tonic action on the digestive organs, thereby perfecting the process of digestion, and thus preventing a waste accumulation of fatty matter in the system. It improves the muscular tissue and keeps the muscles of the body in firm fibre and tone. This pleasant, rational, and most efficacious remedy may be warmly recommended to stout persons of both sexes, as much for health's sake as for the attainment of perfect elegance of figure.

The Editors of the *Lancet* have received the following letter: "SIRS,—My attention has been directed by Messrs. Horlick and Company to the fact that in the address on Patent Foods which I delivered before the South-West London Medical Society in February 1902, and which you were good enough to publish, I have stated that the amount of fat in their malted milk is 3 per cent. as compared with 26.4 per cent. in dried human milk, instead of 9 per cent. as they claim for it. As my analysis was made three or four years ago, I have submitted this preparation to a fresh examination and found in it 7.8 per cent. of fat by one method of analysis and 8.9 per cent. by another. I think there can therefore be no doubt that 9 per cent. may be taken as representing in round numbers the amount of fat which Horlick's malted milk contains. I am sorry if I have given an erroneous impression of its nutritive value, for, as I pointed out in the address, the presence and proportion of fat in foods of this description must be regarded as a most important factor, and I am glad to take this opportunity of correcting my previous statement, especially as it has always been my desire to deal quite fairly by the merits of proprietary foods.—I am, Sirs, yours faithfully, ROBERT HUTCHISON."

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on May 26.

THE CITY AND THE NEW LOAN.

THE City is rejoicing that the 3 per cent. prophets have carried the day, and everybody is asking his neighbour how many applications he has put in for the new Loan. At the issue-price, and making allowance for the full interest next November and the payment by instalments, the price works out at about 99, and great has been the scheming to get the largest possible allotment.



A STATION ON THE SEKONDI AND TARKWA RAILWAY, WEST AFRICA.

The general idea appears to be that small applicants will, as usual, be better treated than big ones, so the clerks in every office are being utilised to apply on account of their masters, for all sorts of sums, from £100 to £500 each.

One gentleman of our acquaintance thinks he is sure to obtain a good slice, as he has thirty-two applications in, none of which exceed £200 each. If he does not get £5000 in all, there will be no more disappointed man in all London than our friend. Little fish are said to be sweet, and men of our acquaintance with incomes running into five figures are scheming to make £50 or £100 out of the new Loan with the zest of schoolboys.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

"Aloan I did it!" might appropriately run text-wise round the walls of the Old Lady's Threadneedle Street home. And truly I think the Bank of England officials are entitled to the high congratulation which echoes on most sides upon the excellent way in which the Loan arrangements have, so far, been made. Of course, the details were by no means perfect, but that was simply because nobody could have foreseen the tremendous rush that occurred. Looking back over the events of the past few days, one asks how the affair would have been managed had the issue emanated from some Government department of the State. Supposing the old women of Whitehall, instead of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, had been in charge of the Loan, what would have happened? Imagination reels at the prospect of the ghastly hash which must have resulted, for, of all the unbusinesslike people in this world, surely there can hardly be a more glaring example than the set who are entrusted with the business affairs of our Empire. I should think Chamberlain must be heartily sick of the whole crowd of his coadjutors.

Purists in the Stock Exchange are arguing, with a certain show of logic, that the wild dealing in Results that sprang up last week is radically wrong. "Any economist," they declare, "will tell you that conditions which admit of a man getting something for nothing are necessarily loose in the screw somewhere." To reply that the speculator does have to pay something—in the shape of supplying application money in this case—is hardly to the point, and, without paying allegiance to the dictum, it must be admitted that it raises a very pretty point of ethics, quite worthy of the subtle wit of financial dialecticians when they have time to consider the matter. In the meantime, the most interesting point for us is whether the premium will be maintained or not. On its merits, and placed side by side with Consols, the Transvaal Loan is worth at least 103.

The price, however, will for some time forward remain the sport of so many conflicting influences from outside that consideration of merit, precedent, and so forth must go by the board. The French subscription has been enormous, and what will the French allottees do with their stock? British applicants have staggered the stock to a huge extent, but will the depressing effects of the sovereign-snatchers' sales be counteracted by heavy purchases on behalf of banks, financial houses, Insurance Companies, and others of this kind which are sure to want far more of the stock than they will be allotted? More than ordinarily are we now dealing in the dark, and, although the stock is honestly worth 3 premium at the least, no real surprise need be felt if the quotation should drop to a small discount under the swamping pressure of stag-scuttles. You, my fair and gentle reader, can judge just as well as I can as to the future course of the price, and perhaps you will agree with me that we are not likely to see much recovery yet awhile.

Amid all the bustle and excitement caused by the coming of the Loan, it is just as well to keep a reminding eye upon the heaps of new issues that are likely to be advertised between now and the end of the present year. Money in large blocks will be wanted for the Port of London requirements, the Water Board, the County Council, and, above all, for the settlement of the Irish land problem. Consequently, there are likely to be only too many opportunities for picking up remarkably cheap stock during the present year, and the gilt-edged markets must not look for too great a measure of relief by reason of the issue of the Transvaal Loan—the sword of Damocles that has overhung us for so long a period. It is high time that South Africa should double her output of gold, because money will be more wanted than ever for these operations, in which we shall all want to have our share if the terms are sufficiently tempting. The vista of anticipation puts one in mind of the boy who was gazing wistfully at the long rows of bottled sweets which smiled at him from the inner side of the shop-window. "If you'd only come outside," he ambiguously remarked, "I'd lick the whole lot of you!"

Organised schemes to depress the prices of Kaffirs seem to meet with less success than the mere negative leaving-the-market-alone system. That last rather silly effort to bang South Africans upon reports of the Plague having broken out at Johannesburg is now forgotten, and prices, after rising sharply when the bears began to repurchase, are on the quiet down-grade once more. The Rhodesian Market has been allowed to slip into a state of deep coma, and the Tanganyika report just added a helping hand to the decline that had already started in consequence of the sleepiness of things in general. While Tanganyikas are pretty heavy shares for the speculator to handle, the capitalist might do worse than buy a few now that the price has dropped some ten pounds from its best level, and, of the cheaper shares, Zambesias look inviting at between 3½ and 4. No doubt, a profit will have to be waited for, but it will assuredly come in time, and I think the same remark will apply in a still greater degree to Anglo-French Exploration in the Kaffir Circus. The shares pay a very decent percentage at the present price, the Company has a splendid reserve-fund, and its last carry forward was equivalent in itself to a handsome dividend. When Kaffirs become active, Anglos will go to 5 as sure as a gun.

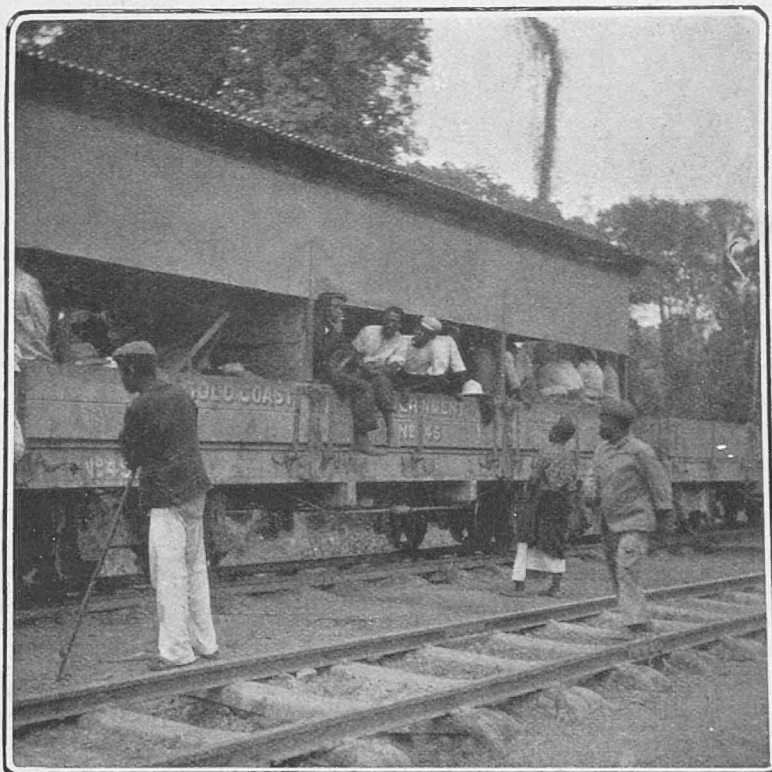
Unless I am greatly mistaken, the author of "Financial Frivolities" in the new paper, *John Bull*, is already known to the world through the pages of *Punch*. Methinks I recognise the style, and certainly the weekly verses on financial topics make one of the most amusing features of the paper. By the way, I wonder when our own Stock Exchange newspaper is coming out. The idea has been mooted several times, but the promoters never seem to get any forrader.

Somewhat akin to Bank shares are those of the two sisters, the National Discount and the Union Discount Companies. On the £25 shares of the former undertaking £5 has been paid, and, in consequence of the disfavour into which a comparatively recent event threw the shares, they are now obtainable at a price which yields nearly 6 per cent. on the money. Union Discounts pay about 1 per cent. less on the money than Nationals, but they carry a liability of £5 only, which makes a difference to a good many people who compare the two as investments. Myself, I think they are both excellent purchases, good enough for the money of anyone who is content to run a small risk for the sake of a good return, in which category there contents himself to rank your guide, philosopher, and humble slave, THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

THE ARGENTINE TROUBLE.

Although it was at first hoped that the rumoured outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease would be confined to bears, the unpleasant truth has been fully confirmed, and a natural fall ensued in all things Argentine other than shares in the Meat Companies. Taking these last first, the shareholders in James Nelson and similar undertakings are indeed fortunate in having this unexpected slice of luck thrust upon them, and now it is within the region of possibility that the Ordinary shares may go to 70s. ex the dividend. When the price gets anywhere near that, or even at 3½ ex-div., we think it would be well to take the profit, for there is a deal of sound sense in the suggestion that the Company can scarcely anticipate a recurrence of its late happy circumstances say, for another decade, or even half that time.

In regard to Argentine Railway stocks, the boomlet has received a check sharp enough to cause speculators to go slowly for some time to come. Of course, the actual loss of carriage falling on the Companies by reason of the prohibition will not be any vast amount, because the



PASSENGER-CAR ON THE SEKONDI AND TARKWA RAILWAY.

meat has to be carried, either dead or alive. But the order must inevitably retard the development of the Republic just at the time when it had a chance of going ahead, and the check is all the more unfortunate from coming after a spasm of healthy animation in all the Argentine agricultural industries. Viewing the markets as dispassionately as is possible, we opine that the quotations of the Railway stocks are not likely to suffer much further, any more than those for the country's Bonds, but for some time to come the speculative investor must not be surprised to see his securities doing little beyond merely marking time.

YANKEES.

The immediate course of the Yankee Market may be said to depend very much upon our own Bank Rate. As soon as the long-continued 4 per cent. sinks to a more workable minimum, there will be room for a sharp advance in Americans. Wall Street has been hanging upon the Bank of England for a lead in this direction for so long that the taking of the step is pretty sure to be greeted with a burst of buying. What is going to happen after that is a matter of conjecture. Several of the chief magnates of the market are either already holiday-making or are preparing for a rest, and this may mean a long hanging-up of activity in Yankees. On this side we are doing practically nothing. Our prices are adjusted morning and afternoon to suit the New York levels, but, beyond that, Shorter's Court shows no signs of initiation or of wanting to initiate. The professed gambler deals for half-dollar profits and makes money, but, apart from his business, there is nothing doing, and it looks as though the condition of the Yankee Market were to gradually assimilate itself to the state of the Kaffir Circus.

THE BRITISH INVESTORS' UNDERWRITING CORPORATION.

Having lately discovered the proper way to spell "Investors," which for weeks appeared upon the office windows as "Investers," the enterprising young gentleman who runs this bucket-shop has taken to persistently pushing the shares of the Texas Oil Securities Company, and so many of our friends and correspondents are being pestered with these badly printed and worse expressed circulars that we feel bound to sound a note of warning. It is easy to buy from the "shop" the scrip of this precious Yankee Company, but, once bought, the victims will find it is not so easy to sell.

Evidently the B.I.U. Corporation are the sole market for the scrip, the future price of which they are able to prophesy with absolute certainty! The amusing part of the latest circular is the undertaking to repurchase from any dissatisfied buyer within the next two years at the price now given, and we call our readers' special attention to the wording of this remarkable offer. The dissatisfied one is told that he must give notice of his wish to have his money back "*thirty days before the declaration of any quarterly dividend.*" If there is no quarterly dividend, the condition is impossible, and, presumably, there will be no repurchase; in other words, if the Texas Oil Securities Company turns out a failure, the B.I.U. Corporation escapes all liability.

We do not suppose that this makes any difference, for the undertaking of this bucket-shop is probably not worth the paper it is printed upon, and we emphatically warn our readers to consign all this concern's circulars to the waste-paper basket. A paternal Government legislates against company-promoters until the last specimen of the nearly extinct race will soon be able to earn an honest living by joining the freaks at Barnum's great show; surely something might be done to prevent people who cannot even spell "Investors" from preying upon poor clergymen and hapless widows who make slender incomes out of lodging-house keeping.

Saturday, May 9, 1903.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

W. (Leeds).—We have sent you the name of a broker who may do what you want. If not, write to us again.

W. P.—If the opinions of our correspondent are correct, it might be better to change Gold Fields into Rand Mines instead of Gold Trusts, but our views are as originally stated.

J. W., JUN.—We regret that we cannot advise as to Roundabouts. Write to one of the trade papers. Your P.O.O. has been returned.

DARESBURG.—No accounts that we know of have been published since 1899. Write to the secretary and make inquiries. We have failed to get a price for the shares, and, from the people connected with the concern, have the poorest opinion of it.

C. DE W.—If the shares were our own, and bought at the prices named, we should hold rather than sell at present, but get rid of them from time to time whenever a reasonable profit could be got. Matabele Proprietary, Bonsor, and Colenbranders are the best of the Rhodesian lot, and Balkis of the Transvaal.

R. L.—See last answer. For a gamble with our own money, we should prefer Hendersons or Bechuanaland Exploration shares.

RAMBLER.—We think well of Great Fingalls, but believe there is more chance of a rise in Sons of Gwalia. Subject to the labour problem being settled, Meyer and Charlton are reasonably cheap. We prefer Knight's to Glencairn. For a lock-up in Land shares, Hendersons would be our choice. Witwatersrand Deep are worth buying and the best of the lot you name. Rand Victoria are also good. The paper is like all the rest, and no better, and probably no worse.

J. A. E.—We suggest you divide your money over the following five securities: (1) Egyptian State Domain, (2) Japanese 5 per cent. Bonds, (3) Louisville 4 per cent. Unified Gold Bonds, (4) Globe Telegraph and Trust Pref., (5) San Paulo Railway Debenture stock. If you would take a slightly increased risk, you could get on an average over 5 per cent. from the following: (1) Bank of Egypt, (2) Argentine Great Western Ordinary, (3) Grand Trunk First Pref., (4) Denver and Rio Grand 5 per cent. Pref., (5) Interoceanic of Mexico Railway Prior Lien Bonds, (6) Neuchatel Asphalte Ordinary.

FINE-ART PLATES.

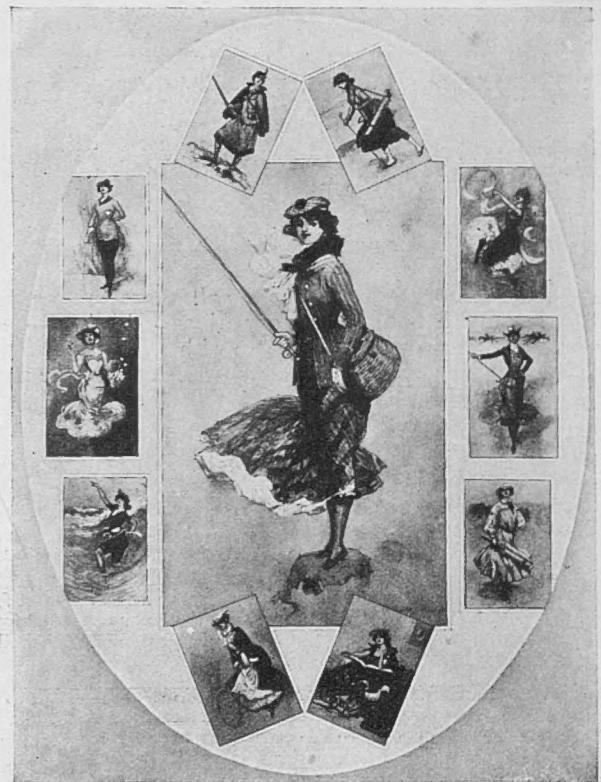


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